

# Save Me With Your Touch

by Amoe Chan

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Summary: Hiccup was a talented young man, thought to have a bright future ahead of him. But one unfortunate day, he had an accident, suffered in a coma, and woke up to find that he could see ghosts! Terrified, he prayed the Gods to send him something to repel the spirits. His wish was granted, problem was, he had to touch this "something": A man, who goes by the name of Jack Frost.

ModernAU

## 1. I : Touch and Discover

**\*\*Hello, everyone. It's another HiJack story of mine which was inspired by a Korean Drama called, "The Master's Sun." It was a horror, romance-comedy drama about a woman who had an accident which gave her the ability to see ghosts. (I'll continue the briefing at the bottom. XD) \*\***

**\*\*Hope you guys enjoy~ I have some serious love for this drama. And I decided that I would love it even more if I infused it with HiJack.\*\***

**\*\*Thank you so much, ChibiSasori1827 of deviantart for allowing me to use your artwork as cover. :D I believe she has an FF account as well under the name of ChibiSasori. Link of artwork in deviantart: /art/You-ve-grown-452997217\*\***

**\*\*Status: Fixed by RandomTendencies13. If you guys happen to need a beta reader, RT is willing to help. Thank you so much for the beta! :D**

**><strong>**

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything. It makes me sad.\*\***

**\* \* \***

**><p><span><strong>Chapter 1<strong>**

\*\*[Touch & Discover]\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"How are you feeling?" a woman in white asked, looming over his face. Her blonde hair draped down her shoulders, covering the blinding light like golden curtains.<p>

He lifted his hand up to caress her face but paused midway, examining the tubes piercing into his skin. A tape secured the transparent tube in the back of his hand as it dripped clear liquid to his bloodstream. "Whereâ€|am I?" he uttered, licking his badly chapped lips.

Her sky blue eyes glinted with happiness as she curled up her soft pink lips and answered, "Back to life." Her voice reverberated, resembling lyrical prayers sung by choirs that filled his body and mind with equanimity. He thought over her response, his eyes never gazing away from her face. He felt as if an angel was watching over him and shooing away the worries he swore he should be feeling right at that moment.

Her right hand fell down to his suspended arm and interlocked her soft fingers with his calloused ones. She slowly brought their joined hands up to her face, caressing her cheeks with the back of his hand. Her free hand roamed down to touch his face, slowly trailing the outline of his unmanly jaw that had never seemed to have a single stub of facial hair come from its pores. She giggled softly, making his lips twitch into a smile.

It was perfect.

It was serene.

It felt like he was in heaven.

...\_was in heaven\_.

That quickly turned to \_hell\_.

The gentle fingertips curled atop his chin, nails slowly grazing back up to his cheek. Hiccup's tranquillity vanished as his eyes widened in alarm. Her nails dug into his face painfully, puncturing the outer skin and exposing his facial flesh. Blood oozed from the wounds, dripping down his cheeks and pooling on his pillow.

The smile she had on her face stayed, but the serenity it once gave had long faded. Her lips stretched wider and closer to the side of her ears. Her facial skin stretched forcibly along with her smile. Blood and blisters appeared on her outstretched lips, baring every single sharp canine tooth inside her mouth.

The eyes that had filled him with bliss were now enrapturing him with fear. Red seeped through her pupils and spread to the rest of her blue irises. The whiteness of her cornea turned sickly yellow with veins popping from the corners of her eyes, creeping like red lightning against the afternoon sky.

He gasped as she slipped her hand out of his grasp, reaching her

newly freed hand to grapple his neck. Her left hand scratched down from his cheek to join the other in blocking his air supply. He tried to shake her off but to no avail. She climbed onto his bed, straddling his chest with both of his arms by his side.

"WHY!? WHY ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE ALIVE!? IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME!" she screamed only a few inches away from his face. Her grip tightened, making his head tilt back further into the softness of his pillow and baring out his neck more.

He felt the toes of his feet curl...no, he was wrong. He only felt one foot move its toes. He did not have enough time to wallow in this thought though. Black dots started to appear in his eyesight, making his eyes roll back into his head and slowly blocking away the image of the woman.

"WHY!?" she shouted with a crack in her voice. "WHY ARE YOUâ€¦," she trailed with a sob. "â€¦not here with me?" she questioned softly. Her grip on his neck loosened, making him refocus his eyes on her. He was at a loss as to what to feel. The frightening image of hers had gone away, going back to the angel he once saw. Her eyes were now holding back tears. She covered her face with the palms of her hands, bringing them down to her mouth as she tried to hold back the sobs that threatened to escape her lips.

She closed her eyes and tears trickled down her face, landing on the wounds in his cheeks. She removed her hands from her mouth and held his face on both sides. Her forehead met his as her tears fell down at his eyes. "I'm so sorry, Hiccupâ€¦" she said softly.

...

"I just miss you."

Hiccup's eyes fluttered open. The bright room from earlier had been replaced with darkness, only to be illuminated by the flashes of white lightning from the windows.

Hiccup felt wetness against his cheeks, making his body tense. '\_Waitâ€¦was that real?' \_ he thought, moving his head from side to side to search for someone creeping near his bed. "Uhhâ€¦is someone out there?" he croaked, only to be muffled with the roar of thunder.

He felt something drop on his nose, and he sat up quickly. He rapidly searched for the button on his bedside lamp and pushed it right away. The lamp lit up the entire room. He craned his head side to side, exhaling the breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

He clutched at his heart when he felt another drop on the top of his head. He felt his heart thrumming fast as he slowly brought his gaze up. \_ Please, please, please, not them againâ€¦ \_ He repeated this mantra inside his head. His eyes locked with the ceiling, making him sigh in relief when he saw it empty.

He opened his mouth to try to breathe in air, only for another liquid to drop and land in his mouth.

Hiccup coughed. "What, whatâ€¦ew!" he said. "Oh Gods, it's bitter!" He dangled his tongue out in disgust, hoping the water was clean.

He inspected his ceiling and found out that rainwater was dripping down from a small crack. "No wonder. Darn, that scared the shit out of me!" He said, palming his face and wiping it down.

He removed his blanket and brought his right foot to the floor. He stood on his foot, dangling his amputated left leg. He hopped his way around his bed and stopped by its end, then carefully sitting on the ground and pulling the bed away from where the water was dripping.

"Argh, I don't remember this bed being this heavy!" he said and gave his bed one last pull before wiping his forehead. He reached out for a nearby crutch, heading out of his small room to grab any container he could use to stop the water puddle from forming on his floor.

He scavenged through his kitchen cabinets and grabbed a large cooking pot. "I think this will last 'til morning."

He briskly made his way back into his bedroom with the pot in his right hand. Just as he entered his room, the lights turned out and enveloped the house in darkness. Hiccup kept his eyes to where the puddle was forming, stopping near his bedroom doorway.

It was eerily quiet, which made him gulp loudly. His adam's apple bobbed visibly. The lightning flashed once, setting the room in brightness before it went back to darkness. It happened twice before he saw an old woman emerge from the puddle on his floor.

"No, no, no, no, no," he said like a mantra, dropping the pot as he backed away.

The old woman walked closer and closer to him every time the lightning lit up the room. Hiccup covered his mouth to suppress a scream for the woman was now a ruler's length away from him. He stilled his breath and watched as she gave him a look of plea.

Although he was scared out of his wits, he sighed visibly, making his shoulders slump. "Fineâ€|" he uttered, slowly curling his lips up with his eyebrows furrowed. "What can I help you with?"

\* \* \*

><p>::: <em><strong>A few hours later<strong>\_ :::

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup now stood in front of a line of white fencing. "Are you sure this is the house?" Hiccup asked the woman beside him. Her eyes met his own, nodding her head in answer. "Well okay...here goes nothing," he said, taking a few deep breaths before pulling the top of his white raincoat closer to his face.<p>

He looked at his green, waterproof wristwatch, reading the time. It was 9:36pm, and it was still raining heavily. He opened the fence gate, looking around the small garden to check if any guard dogs would pounce and maul him for trespassing. Luckily, there were none.

He went up the stairs to the house's patio and stopped at the front door. The woman walked beside him, nodding her head towards the door. "Butâ€¦won't he be alarmed that some stranger just walked up to his house?" he asked, still hesitant to push the doorbell.

The old woman smiled. It was refreshing to Hiccup, really. She looked so scary with the way her wrinkles were defined by hues of black and grey. Her skin was greyish and grainy. Anyone could easily tell the old woman was no longer human, but something about her made him feel like she was no threat besides the frightening appearance.

Hiccup brought his hands up and pushed the doorbell once. He waited until an old man's voice sounded behind the door. "Who's there?"

"Uhm...I've got delivery, sir." Hiccup's voice croaked.

"I didn't order any pizza," the other replied.

"It's...it's not pizza, sir," Hiccup informed, looking at the old woman beside him.

"I don't want it. Go away."

Hiccup felt that the man was leaving the door. He quickly gave her a pleading look, and she nodded her head. The woman passed through the wall and the doors flung open.

"What the...!? This is obstruction of property, boy! I will call the police!" the old man said. Although it was not the right time to do so, Hiccup stared him. He was wearing a chocolate brown coat and slacks with a brown bow adorning the collar of his white shirt. The old man seemed to have a permanent scowl on his face. His blue eyes were seen behind his square-rimmed glasses, which were held up by his big round nose.

"P-please, sir. Just give me a moment," Hiccup said, stepping inside the house. The water from his raincoat dripped down to the floor.

The old man ignored his plea and raised his metal stand to hit Hiccup, the green baseballs stuck on each end aiming for Hiccup's head. Hiccup closed his eyes and covered his head from the expected blow, only to open his eyes again slowly and see that the metal stand had stopped mid-air.

Hiccup looked worriedly at the old man after he saw the look of surprise in the elder's eyes. Hiccup bravely, but cautiously, brought down his hands and realized that he used the book he brought with him to shield himself from the blow.

"Uhm...you \_are \_Mister Carl Fredricksen, right?" he asked.

The old man brought down his metal stand to the ground, not giving any answer.

Hiccup held the book out with both of his hands. "Your...your wife, Ellie, wanted you to have this," Hiccup said, looking at the ghost who was now standing beside Mr. Fredricksen.

The plump old man slowly reached out to grab the book. He met eyes with Hiccup first before looking down at the scrapbook in his hands which was titled, Our Adventure Book. "Where did you get this?" the old man asked without looking up.

"Found it in one of the subway lockers..." he answered. Ellie had guided him from where she hid the key right up to where the locker was located. "There was a note saying that she wanted to have it delivered to you," he added, locking eyes with Ellie.

Hiccup watched as Ellie's grayish appearance slowly gained color. Her black irises turned blue, and her gray skin turned pale and reddish.

Carl was flipping through the pages of the scrapbook, and Hiccup saw how the man's eyes brimmed with tears. A smile slowly snuck onto his face with every page he saw. "Thank you for the adventure. Now, go and have one of your own," Carl muttered, reading the writing on the last page of the book. He paused, smiling. "I love you too, Ellie."

Hiccup watched the scene. Sadly, it was only Hiccup who could see how Ellie encircled her arms around Carl's neck, hugging him tightly and kissing his cheeks. "I love you more," Ellie said one last time before throwing a smile Hiccup's way.

"Thank you, young man," Ellie mouthed, her body slowly vanishing into thin air starting from her toes until it reached the top of her head.

Hiccup looked up at where she had been, whispering, "You're welcome. May you forever be in peace." Hiccup turned away, holding the doorknob and closing it on his way out of the house.

He walked down the street and kept glancing up at the night sky. "When will this rain stop?" he asked as he pulled the front of his raincoat's hood further to cover his face.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Somewhere, someone is waiting :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>Jack pulled his navy blue coat closer to his body as he waited for his personal assistant to appear. He stood in front of the glass doors that lead to the main office of Frost Industries. It wasn't long before a young man with dark-brown hair, hazel eyes, and tanned skin ran up to him with a large umbrella in his hand.<p>

"Sorry it took me so long, Jack," Jamie said, ushering Jack under the umbrella. "The rain caused traffic at Taurus lane, so I had to drive the long way around."

"It's fine, Jamie," Jack said, ducking under the umbrella.

The two walked down wet concrete stairs, heading straight to the parked Mercedes C-Class Coupe car. Jamie escorted Jack until the platinum-haired man was inside the car's backseat. He closed the door before making his way to the driver's seat.

Jack leaned the back of his head against the seat and closed his eyes as he brushes his hair out of his face, only for it to go back to its usual style.

"So, anything happen while I was away earlier?" Jamie asked, adjusting the front mirror towards Jack's face before he started the engine.

Jack raised his head again, smirking at Jamie's way. "Yep. Something great."

"Oh?" Jamie asked, raising his brows as he glanced at Jack's face with the front mirror.

"Remember Fredricksen? You know, that grumpy old man who gets mad over a broken mailbox? Well, he called Toothiana earlier to say that he decided to sell his house to us."

Jamie kept his eyes on the road. "What made him change his mind?"

Jack massaged his neck, craning his head from side by side. "Something about using the money to start an adventure of his own."

"Oh, I see," Jamie replied. "I thought he loved that house so much because of the memories it had?"

Jack shrugged. "Don't know, and I don't really care to be honest. All I know is that we can start the construction of our new mall in that area now."

Jamie looked at Jack, who was now busy reading documents in his hand. Jamie returned his eyes to the road and focused on his driving.

He turned onto a street with a park. The car was seven meters away from a person with a white raincoat on, standing in front of a slowdown sign. As the car got closer, Jamie could see that the person had held up a thumb and was motioning to hitch a ride.

Jamie spoke, "Hey, Jack. I think someone is asking for a ride. Should we stop?"

Jack raised his head from the document he was reading, looking through the windshield. "Keep on driving. I just want to go home."

Jamie pursed his lips and brought his eyes back on the road. The car passed by the hitchhiker, and Jamie kept on driving, only to suddenly step on the brake when he saw something pass in front of the car.

Jack almost collided with the back of the front seat. Luckily, he was able to push a hand to it and stop himself. "What the hell, Jamie?"

Jamie looked back at Jack, "Ah, crap. Are you alright? Something passed by in front," he replied.

Little did they know that the car's lock slowly lifted itself, unlocking the doors for anyone who wish to enter. The person in the white coat peeked through the window, hair covering half of his face. Jack and Jamie were startled as the person opened the right backseat door and sat beside Jack, making his self comfortable.

The two looked suspiciously at the person in white raincoat. Said man quickly unbuttoned and removed his drenched raincoat and brushed his auburn locks out of his face. He smiled crookedly at the two, saying, "I thought you guys weren't going to stop."

The two blinked at the same time while the auburn-haired man continued. "Hehe, well, someone told me this was an exchange for the good news you got tonight," he said sheepishly. Ellie had assured him that she would make sure he got a ride back home. He was half-expecting it to be Mr. Fredricksen to give him the ride though.

Jamie was the first one to speak out of the two. "Why are you out in the middle of the road with this heavy rain?"

Hiccup bit his lip. "Uhm...I ran an errand, you see."

Jamie looked at Jack, seeing the white-haired man stare skeptically at the stranger. He decided it was time he started driving before Jack pushed the man back out of the car.

It startled Jack when he felt the car start to move once again, realizing that he stared far too long at the new passenger. He visibly moved away from the stranger but he kept his eyes on the other, making the auburn-haired man shrink under his scrutinizing gaze.

The auburn-haired man held out his hand to Jack. "I am Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third," he announced.

Jack only stared at Hiccup's hand, not moving his own for a handshake. Jamie decided to cut through. "Uhm, I'm Jamie Bennett. And he is Jackson Overland Frost."

Hiccup's eyes widened. "Jackson...you mean, \_the \_Jack Frost!?" he asked giddily.

Jamie smirked. "Yup."

Hiccup looked back at Jack. "Wow, I've always wanted to meet you! I mean, your reactive nitrogen manipulating invention has always amazed me." Hiccup went to grab Jack's hand and felt a tingle like electricity conduct through their fingertips. Jack and Hiccup locked eyes with each other before Jack wrenched his hands away from Hiccup.

"Did you feel that?" Hiccup asked, eyes-wide.

Jack straightened his sleeves. "No." He looked up at the front mirror, silently giving Jamie a what-the-hell-are-you-putting-me-through look on his face. Instead of feeling threatened, Jamie found the ordeal to be rather amusing.



Hiccup felt that his presence was unwanted in Jack's eyes and decided to stay quiet. He fisted his hands down his lap and looked ahead, only to have his eyes widen as he saw another grey figure on the road. \_Oh no, no, no, not another one. \_He repeated it to himself like a mantra.

The ghost he was seeing had her eyes bulging out of her eye sockets and blood oozing out of the corners of her eyes and mouth. Her head slung to the side, a bone poking out of her neck with blood gushing out of the wound.

The car quickly approached the ghost, passing through the front bumper and when it got closer to Hiccup's face, he screamed, "AAAAHHHHHHHH!" startling Jamie to put the car into a sudden stop.

Hiccup covered his eyes with his hands, slowly raising his head to look up at the ghost. He found it crouching down from the front seat, her face getting closer to his. And out of fear, Hiccup clutched the nearest person to him, which happened to be Jack. Wrapping his arms around the taller man's chest, he buried his head in the crook of the platinum-haired man's neck.

"No, no, no. Go away!" Hiccup said, shutting his eyes tight.

Jamie and Jack's eyes widened. They were both puzzled and shocked with Hiccup's action and outburst. Jack turned red and quickly wrenched himself out of Hiccup's embrace. "Hey, what are you doing!?" Jack held Hiccup's wrists, looking at the very scared man. His anger died out after seeing the fear on Hiccup's face. "Are you okay...?"

Hiccup whipped his head back to where he had seen the ghost, only to find out that she was now gone. Hiccup thought that to be really odd, for the ghosts never left no matter how much he screamed and pleaded.

Jamie removed his seatbelt so he could move freely. He turned back and reached out to touch Hiccup's shoulder, shaking the dazed man back to reality. "Hey, are you okay?" he repeated Jack's earlier question.

Jack met eyes with Jamie and they conversed silently. '\_Is he crazy?' \_they both thought. They averted their eyes back to Hiccup, who was now wrenching his wrists and shoulder out of the two's hold. Once he was free, he looked back at the front seat and the ghost was back. His left hand quickly moved to touch Jack by his arm, startling the two again, and Hiccup found that the ghost perished right before his eyes.

Hiccup gazed away from where the ghost was once perched, his eyes locking straight with Jack's icy blue irises. He smiled so wide that he felt his lips almost reached his ears. Both of his hands quickly grabbed one of Jack's, positioning it in between his like he was about to do a prayer.

Hiccup unconsciously made a puppy-look with his eyes brimming with tears. "Thor Almighty, God heed my prayers!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Dun, dun, dun! Sorry for cutting the first chapter there. What do you guys think? <strong>

\*\*Err, I think my bad writing didn't do this story much justice. Argh, probably edit it later until I'm satisfied. I didn't proofread this because reasons. Haha. XD (Honestly, I'm just a lazy butt.):\*\*

\*\*Continuation about the Master's Sun: She later met a man and found out that whenever she touches him, the ghosts she sees disappears. And their daily life gone topsy-turvy with them being together both intentionally and unintentionally. XD\*\*

\*\*To those who are wondering, Carl and Ellie Fredricksen came from the movie, Up. \*\*

## 2. II : Request and Salvation

\*\*\*\*Ages:\*\* Jack (29), Hiccup (26), Jamie (28), Toothless (26), Rapunzel (25) [Yes, they are not teenagers here. XD]\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*Beta'd and fixed by RandomTendencies13. :D\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything.\*\*

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><p><span><strong>Chapter 2<strong>

\*\*[Request & Salvation]\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Jack stared incredulously at the man named Hiccup. <em>That's one ridiculous name<em>, he thought. His eyes trailed down to his trapped hand, feeling the same tingly sensation he felt earlier course through his skin.

"Prayersâ€|?" Jamie asked, confusion and amazement dawning on his face.

Hiccup, who was overly happy at the moment, turned to face Jamie, his hands never leaving Jack's. "I'veâ€|I've always been looking for something," he replied with a wide and crooked smile. "Something or someone that would free me from my miserable life and give me the peace I needed," he continued; his eyes were over-dramatically brimming with tears like an actor who had just won his first Oscar. His calloused fingers absentmindedly drew circles against the hands in between his.

Hiccup meant every single word. Ever since he had found out about his paranormal ability, he had been hell bent to find the perfect ritual or apparatus to ward off the ghosts that seemed to follow and pester him anywhere he went. He had inquired with priests and monks, prayed to different gods, bought expensive \_blessed\_ items, and splayed salt in every corner of his little apartment; heck, he even scrubbed garlic on his body when his best friend suggested it, causing ghosts to literally laugh at him while people avoided him because of the

stench. And none of those methods ever worked. So, it was not a surprise to those who knew Hiccup's predicament that the little man was overwhelmingly blissful with his discovery.

"My heart is even beating fast right now!" Hiccup added a few seconds later, one hand moving to his chest though the other never left Jack's hand.

The things he said were interpreted differently in Jack's mind, thinking Hiccup was shamelessly flirting with him. He removed his gaze from Hiccup's face to look Jamie straight in the eye. He gave his friend a wink, and the latter knew what he meant. Jamie resisted the urge to roll his eyes.

"I see; how about we talk more about this story of yours over coffee," Jack asked with no intent to hear a reply. He gently removed his right hand from Hiccup's grasp, resting his arm on the smaller man's back with his hand cupping Hiccup's right shoulder. "Jamie, how about you bring us to a nice coffee shop, hmm?" Jack said with a smirk on his face. Jamie lost the willpower not to roll his eyes as he clasped his seatbelt back on. He revved the car to a start and searched the GPS for a nearby shop.

Although Hiccup was delighted to know that Jack would hear him out, he could not help but feel wary about the platinum-haired man's smirk. His eyes roved to the hand that rested on his shoulders. It made him look questioningly at Jack, who was now looking straight into the windshield and seemingly deep in thoughts.

Alright, I'll fancy you for a little while, Jack thought.

The strong rain weakened to soft pitter-patter. The roar of thunder and flashes of lightning avertedly stopped, causing muteness in the night and darkness in the sky. The car swerved out of the isolated park street and headed to a more occupied place at this time of night: a 24/7 Drive Stop, packed with different shops.

Jamie parked near the coffee shop entrance, getting out of the car with an umbrella in hand. He escorted the two out of the car and protected them from the small drops of rain that threatened to drop on their heads.

They entered through the patio door and went inside the shop, seeing the place empty of other customers. The three males sat nearby a glass window. Hiccup occupied the left while the other two sat side-by-side on the right. A girl with unbelievably long blonde hair made her way to their table with a notepad on her hand. She greeted the three with a beaming smile. "Hello, I'm Rapunzel. May I take your orders?"

Jamie and Jack spoke, ordering espresso and latte respectively. Hiccup, on the other hand, asked for an orange juice. He was already suffering from insomnia and stress; the last thing he wanted was to worsen his restlessness by drinking caffeinated drinks.

"Not a fan of coffee?" Jack asked, an eyebrow up in question.

"Haha...I don't really need coffee in my system..." Hiccup drawled, scratching the back of his head. He looked away and rested his eyes

on the glass window. He saw his reflection and felt horrified. The bags under his eyes were visibly dark, his skin was sickly pale, and his cheeks were deeply sunken in. If he did not know it was his face, he would be jumping out of his chair thinking it was another ghost ready to scare him for the whole night.

The waitress named Rapunzel came back with the drinks, setting them down on the table. Hiccup looked at her face as she gently settled the glass of orange juice in front of him. The two of them met eyes, and she gave him a smile. Hiccup was midway in returning the gesture with a smile of his own, only to stop when he saw a curly haired ghost fawning over Rapunzel's hair.

Hiccup's eyes went wide as he scurried away from the edge of his seat. His back met with the glass window, making him feel trapped. His mouth was now wide open and his eyes mirrored fear.

Rapunzel, Jack, and Jamie looked at him questioningly. Their eyes were wide and their brows raised. "Is something wrong...?" Rapunzel spoke, a worried look dawning on her face.

Hiccup just stared wide-eyed, paling as the ghost averted her attention from Rapunzel's hair to stare him down with her snidey-face.

\_\*\*You can see me?\*\*\_ the ghost spat, a grin slowly making its way onto her extremely wrinkled face. Her thin and sharp fingers went to reach for his face but never made it, for the ghost suddenly turned to gray sand and perished into the air. Hiccup felt his left hand shaken and glanced down to take a look at it. There he saw Jack's fingers clasp his wrist. "What's up with you?" Jack asked.

Jamie and Rapunzel, on the other hand, watched the exchange between the two. And Rapunzel smiled awkwardly, leaving the table with the tray in her hand.

Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief while slumping his shoulders. Jack saw Hiccup relax and thought it was safe to remove his grasp from Hiccup's wrist. But when he was about to let go, the smaller male quickly held his hand, saying, "Please, don't let go."

"Seriously...what is wrong with you?" Jamie asked, trying not to sound rude.

Hiccup pursed his lips, "I'm not sure if you would believe me..."

Jack and Jamie looked at each other. "We'll be open-minded. Right, Jack?" Jamie said, lifting a brow.

Jack gave Jamie his famous are-you-kidding-me face in return, answering with his mind, \_Open-minded my as-. \_He stopped when Jamie stepped on his foot harshly. "Yeah...yeah, of course," he replied, wincing in pain before glaring at Jamie.

Hiccup was oblivious to the jabs that Jamie sent Jack's way. He took a deep breath, glancing left and right before he bowed his head down. He looked up at the two without moving his head up. "Come closer," he said in a barely audible voice.

The two moved simultaneously: pushing aside their coffees and resting their arms by the table, looming their heads closer to Hiccup.

It was quiet for a few seconds. The atmosphere slowly tensed, and the two watched Hiccup intently. Hiccup's lips slowly opened and his face was void of any emotion before he whispered in a very serious tone, "I...see...dead people."

Hiccup quickly ducked down, letting go of Jack's arm. He looked side to side, looking out for nearby ghosts.

If Jack thought the guy was crazy at first and a unique flirt the next, now he was back to his initial thought: this man is indeed crazy.

Jack and Jamie did not say a word as they sunk back in their seats. Steadfastly, Jack kicked his friend, motioning his head towards their parked car. Go out and drive, he mouthed, pushing Jamie out of his seat.

Hiccup looked up at the two questioningly. Jamie smiled awkwardly, scratching the back of his head, "Sorry...I need to go to the restroom," he said then walked away.

Hiccup wasn't able to see where Jamie went to because Jack suddenly held his hand. "Dead people, you say?" Jack asked, trying to stop the laugh that threatened to bubble out of his throat. "That must make your life difficult," he added with mirth in his voice.

The hilarity in Jack's voice was not left unnoticed by Hiccup's ears. He knew that Jack would be skeptical. "Yes," Hiccup said then looked down at Jack's hand. "But when I touch youâ€|the ghosts disappear!" he continued.

Jack plastered on his winning smile, showing off his white teeth. Definitely a nutcase, he thought. He was not even finding the situation funny anymore. It even made him cringe internally at the way Hiccup looked longingly at his hand, seemingly wanting to touch it. So Jack cut him the chase by taking his hand, making his eyes glint. "Like this?" he asked, rubbing the back of Hiccup's hand.

Hiccup attentively nodded his head, smiling and thinking about how holding Jack's hand at night would give him the deep sleep he had been craving for years. No ghosts to shake him awake or nightmares to plague his dreams. "So, it might be shameless of me to say but could you help me with my problem?"

"Oh, help?" Jack inquired, the fake smile still plastered on his face. He watched his car move in front of the coffee shop's patio. "Sure but could you close your eyes?"

The request sprang questions to the smaller male's head. What's the point? he thought. But, then again, he was in no position to question things. He was the one asking for help after all. So, he did as he was told, shutting his eyes and waiting for Jack's next instruction.

"Don't open them yetâ€|" Jack removed his hand, taking his wallet out

and putting down a hundred dollar bill as payment for the drinks. "Do you see ghosts when you close your eyes?" he asked as he walked silently out of his seat, heading straight for the coffee shop's door.

"No," Hiccup answered with his eyes still closed.

"Then keep them closed!" Jack said firmly as he exited the shop. Hiccup quickly opened his eyes and craned his head to where he heard Jack. He limply got up and ran after him.

Jack, on the other hand, was already inside the car and getting Jamie to drive off. The latter was hesitant but decided to do as he was told, leaving the running Hiccup alone by the coffee shop's patio.

Jack looked back and watched Hiccup, seeing him run after them limply. He thought the smaller male hit his foot somewhere so he thought nothing else of it. He rested back in his seat, sighing loudly. "We are not going to help a hitchhiker again!"

Jamie rolled his eyes, "Come on. It's not so bad to help others once in a whileâ€|"

"Dude, that guy is crazy! Not Toothiana-crazy but crazy-CRAZY!"

"What if he was telling the truth?"

"Please, there is no such thing as ghosts," Jack said defiantly as he loosened his necktie and kicked his shoes off. "Let's just go home. I'm tired."

Jamie nodded his head. "Whatever you say, boss," he said playfully, making Jack roll his eyes.

Jack moved and felt something cold touch feet. He looked down and saw Hiccup's raincoat. "Great..." he muttered quietly, grabbing the raincoat up.

A piece of paper fell down from the raincoat's pocket, spiking his curiosity. He picked it up and unfolded it. He wasn't sure how to react when he saw the familiar information written on the piece of paper. "Hey, Jamie. What is Mr. Fredricksen's address again?" he asked, eyes not leaving the paper in his hand.

"432 Shady Oaks Street," Jamie answered, looking at him through the rearview mirror. "Why?"

Jack confirmed that the address was indeed the same. He remembered how Hiccup had said, "Someone told me this was an exchange for the good news you got tonight."

"Good news, huhâ€|?" Jack muttered. "God, this night is getting freakier."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: A few hours later :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Hello?" the person on the other end of the phone asked.<p>

"Hey, Toothless. It's me, Hiccup!" Hiccup replied, smiling sheepishly at Rapunzel. He had forgotten to bring his phone with him (not that it would have any service anyway since he was past due his phone bill). So he had no choice but to borrow someone else's.

"Oh, hey, bud. What's up? Wait, whose phone are you using?" Toothless asked.

"I'll tell you later, but could you give me a ride? I'm kind of stuck somewhere that is too far for me to walk."

"Again?" The other replied through the receiver, "Alright, tell me where you are; I'll be there soon."

Hiccup told his best friend about the place before handing the cellphone back to Rapunzel and expressing his thanks. The girl smiled before going back to the counter, and Hiccup could still see the ghost he saw earlier, still fawning over the girl's hair. Luckily, the ghost seemed to have forgotten that he could see her.

He went to the table he had occupied earlier with Jack and Jamie and silently drank his orange juice. Rapunzel went to his table and gave him the change. "Oh!" the change should be your tip," Hiccup informed. Although the two left him, he was thankful that they still paid for the drinks.

"Oh, okay. Thank you." She smiled and took the change back. She took a step but spun back, sitting on the seat across from Hiccup. Her action caught Hiccup by surprise, and he looked at her questioningly.

"I hope you don't mind!" but why were you so shocked earlier?" she asked.

Now Hiccup wondered if he should tell her the truth. Given the reaction he had gotten earlier from Jack and Jamie, he wondered if he would end up scaring Rapunzel off. The last thing he wanted was to be chased out of the coffee shop when Toothless was still out of sight.

"Uh!" your hair, I was just shocked b-by how long it is," he lied, and his voice squeaked.

"Oh. That's surprising. I mean, I've never met anyone who reacted like that about my hair," she said, subconsciously playing with her braid. "You know, like looking scared?"

Hiccup gulped, moving his eyes away from Rapunzel to look at the curly-haired ghost standing beside her. The ghost had one of her brows up, and her arms were crossed. He laughed forcibly and awkwardly. "Ha ha, I'm odd. It's just such a rare length!" you see."

"Hmm, I guess. Well, I was raised by an auntie of mine, and she kinda hated the idea of getting my hair cut," she informed.

"For what reason?" Hiccup pursed his lips.

"Mom said that my auntie Gothel always wanted her hair like mine. Makes her feel youthful and stuff," Rapunzel replied. "Weird, huh? I know." She added, chuckling.

The ghost beside her glared daggers at her, saying, `_**You insolent brat. Who are you calling weird!？**_`

`_And now the ghost is mad. Great... _Hiccup` thought to himself. "I seeâ€|"

Rapunzel nodded. "She passed away a year ago."

`_I can see that_,` he in his mind, seeing the ghost roll her eyes.

Three men entered the cafÃ©, causing Rapunzel to sit up. "Oops, sorry for blabbering too much. Enjoy your juice," she said before strutting her way to the newly arrived customers.

Hiccup felt the hairs on his left arm raise, and he craned his head towards his left to see the ghost perched beside him. "Uhhâ€|hi," he muttered, slowly moving away from the ghost. "Is there something you need?" he squeaked.

The ghost was now looking at her sharp nails, and one of her brows was raised. `_**There is**_`. Hiccup waited for her request. `_**Maybe some other time boy**_`, the ghost said and disappeared from his side.

"Yo, Hiccup!" Toothless said, flicking his fingers in front of Hiccup to catch his attention. "You there?"

"Oh, Toothless!" Hiccup said happily. "You're here!"

Toothless rolled his eyes. "Duh. I'm sitting right in front of you. Let's go." He stood and Hiccup followed. They went outside the cafÃ©, heading straight for a black 2014 Nissan GT-R Premium car.

"Oh, you didn't bring Night Fury with you?" Hiccup asked.

"Nah, not when it is raining," Toothless said, unlocking his car, "Especially when it's you I'm riding with. The last thing I want would be us flying off my bike because you scream." Hiccup rolled his eyes and got into the passenger seat, buckling on his seatbelt.

Toothless started the engine and drove out of the parking lot. "Talk."

The car was moving pretty fast, but Toothless made sure he stayed close to the speed limit. Toothless already knew about Hiccup's predicament, or "curse" as the man liked to call it. And although he was naturally doubtful at first, he believed his friend. He even remembered how he had offered him some psychiatric help, a memory that Toothless was not proud of.

"A ghost asked me for help."



\_Why am I not surprised? \_Toothless thought. "And?"

"So, I did." Hiccup answered and Toothless groaned. "\_What\_? They wouldn't leave me alone; you know that," Hiccup said, blowing his bangs out of his face while crossing his arms.

"Fine." Toothless locked eyes with Hiccup. "Forgot your wallet again?"

"No, I brought my walletâ€|but my money was only enough to get there, not to get back." Hiccup sighed deeply.

"Man, you should ask payment for the services you're making. Seriously," Toothless said, swerving onto the highway.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "She did find me a ride back home though."

Toothless raised his brow. "Oh really? Then why were you stuck at that cafÃ©?"

"That's what I was going to say."

"Okay, I'm listening."

"She promised me a ride home. All I had to do was to go to the nearby park and wait for a black car and hitch a ride." Toothless nodded, glancing to his friend. "So, when I saw the car approach, I gestured for a ride and they stopped. They allowed me inâ€|I think," Hiccup said, unsure.

"You think?" Toothless asked and Hiccup didn't answer the question. Instead, he continued his story. "And you remember that guy named Jackson Overland Frost?"

"The snow guy?"

"Yes, him. Please, stop calling him the 'snow guy,'" Hiccup said.

"What? That machine you fangirl over makes stupid ice, frost and whatever that is," Toothless retorted, maneuvering the car off the highway and onto a small road between two tall buildings.

"You don't understand the intricate and authe-," Hiccup blabbered, only to stop when Toothless continued it for him.

"â€|authenticity of the design. Blah, blah, I know."

Hiccup pouted but quickly perked up. "But guess what!"

"What?" Toothless asked.

"I found him, Toothless! When I touch him, the ghosts disappear!" he informed, shaking Toothless' arm in happiness.

Toothless stepped harshly on the breaks, almost making the two of them fly out of their seats. Thankfully, the seatbelts pulled them back. "What!?"

Hiccup nodded. "Yup, heard it right, bud. I mean, I touched him when I saw this ghost. Then it disappeared right before my eyes. I couldn't believe it, all these years I've been looking for something to ward the ghosts off, who would've thought it would be a human!" he exclaimed.

"Touched him?" was the only question that Toothless could fish out of his mind. "Why on earth would you touch him?"

"I was scared, damn it!" Hiccup exclaimed. "As if you don't know," he continued, animatedly waving his hands up in the air.

"So you justâ€¦felt him up?" Toothless asked with an eyebrow up.

Hiccup cringed. "Argh, what do you mean feel him up!?" he sighed and shook his head. "You make it sound so wrong. I just hugged him by accident alright!?" he said, wiping his face with the palm of his hand.

Toothless stiffly started the car moving again. "Can't blame me. You should have seen your face when you were talking about his work. I wouldn't be surprised if you glomped him at first sight." He visibly cringed, thinking how Hiccup acted like a silly and naive girl fawning over an idol's life-sized poster. "That issue asideâ€¦did he kick you out of the car?"

Hiccup rested his forehead against the car's window. "Well, I tried explaining. He said that we should talk about it over coffee, but then they bailed out and left me there."

Toothless removed his left hand from the steering wheel and rested his elbow against the window frame, supporting his head with his hand. "Did you tell them that you can see ghosts?"

"What do you think made them run?" Hiccup answered.

"Well, shit, Hiccup. If a stranger told me that they could see ghosts, I would be doing the same."

"I know," he said. "It's not logical. Heck, I didn't believe in them before I got to see them."

Toothless looked pitifully at his best friend. The vision of the once amazing Hiccup played like a fast-paced film in his mind. He wasn't saying that his friend was not amazing anymore, but the spark that he used to have was nowhere in him. He had once been a happy and fulfilled young man who craved to learn more and more each day. Now he was replaced by some gloomy and sleep-deprived man who wanted nothing more than to keep himself in the confinement of his room in hopes to avoid the things he had learned to fear.

"You asked for his help?"

Hiccup looked at his best friend, "Yeahâ€¦"

"What did he say?"

"He abandoned me, remember?" Hiccup sighed, looking out the window.

He read the posters and bills as the car passed through.

"Well, we can't blame him," Toothless said, tapping the steering wheel. "It'd be more unbelievable if you said he believed you," he continued. Silence commenced as the car slowly swerved through streets. "Lookâ€¦I can't repel the ghosts away, but I'll always be here for you when they bother you, got it?" Toothless added.

Hiccup smiled at his friend. "I know, bud." He looked outside the window again. "But it doesn't hurt to have something to ward the ghosts off once in a while. I could use a good night's sleep."

Toothless smiled back. "How about you spend the night at my house instead? I don't think any ghosts rove around mine," he suggested.

Hiccup, on the other hand, was not paying attention to him, for he was deep in thought. "I have an ideaâ€¦"

"Hmm?" Toothless asked, craning his head towards Hiccup questioningly.

"I'm going to follow him at his office!" Hiccup declared.

Toothless slammed his foot on the brakes harshly once again. "What?"

"You heard me," Hiccup replied with a smirk. \_Nothing is gained by idling after all.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Toothless is a nickname here. His real name would be Terrence. I'll explain about his nickname in later chapters. XD<strong>

\*\*Night Fury is the name that Toothless dubbed his motorbike. :)\*\*

### 3. III : Visitation and Dare

\*\*Anyways, thank you so much for the reviews, follows and faves. I'm glad the last chapter did not disappoint. ^^ Hope this chapter does the same. XD\*\*

\*\*I'll reply to some of the reviews at the bottom. Anyways, enjoy this chapter.\*\*

\*\*Word Count: 4,720 words without AN. Btw, there are few bad words here. Nothing too big. XD\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><span>Chapter 3<span>\*\*

\*\*[Visitation & Dare]\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Are you sure about this?" Toothless asked, looking up at the tall building of Frost Industries. "You know, it's not too late to save yourself from more shame, bud."<p>

"If you're not going to help me, just leave me alone." Hiccup sneered, walking up the concrete stairs. The taller male smirked in return, bounding close to him.

"Ahhâ€|," Toothless breathed, wrapping his arm on his friend's shoulders and pulling the freckled male close to him, "Don't be such a grumpy cat." He added, pinching Hiccup's chin.

Hiccup pursed his lips, pulling Toothless' ears in return. "Let go of my cheek!" He ordered. The two of them started laughing, feeling happy for they had not fooled around like this in a long time. But then their act was short-lived for Hiccup noticed the passersby watching them. He quickly pushed Toothless, straightening his coat. "Look, we have to look like mature men." He finished, blowing his bangs off his forehead.

Toothless rolled his eyes, "Real men fight." He exclaimed, flexing his biceps.

"Not this kind of fight." Hiccup rolled his eyes.

The two continued walking until they reached the top stairs. They got inside the building without questions from the guards and strode around calmly.

"Tell me why I shouldn't call that guy a snowman?" Toothless whispered. Hiccup pursed his lips, looking at the interior design of the building. He was not able to argue with Toothless for everything in the main lobby screamed winter.

The couches were so white; anyone would worry if they were clean enough to sit on them. The tables and lights were intricately designed to appear like giant snowflakes. Withered trees could be seen around the area with snowflake-shaped light bulbs hanging or perching at each end of the tree's branches. The walls were painted in different hues of blue but the most prominent was the color that mimics the owner's irises, Icy blue. If Hiccup had weak eyesight, he was sure that he would have a headache because the lobby's brightness.

Hiccup observed the building plan at a bulletin board, searching for Jack's office. "Thirteenth floorâ€|" He read before adding, "What an unlucky numberâ€|argh, will there be ghosts there...?"

Toothless looked over to see the plan which Hiccup was busying his self with. "It's never too late to change your mind." He smirked. "Who knows, it might be swarmed with ghosts just like that skyscraper we went to before, remember?"

"Stop it, Toothless."

Hiccup did not allow Toothless to shake his resolve. He took a deep breath and gathered up his courage, walking straight in front of the

elevator. Its doors opened and several people walked out, leaving the elevator empty. Hiccup looked around first before entering, making sure that there were no ghosts around.

Hiccup breathed deeply when the elevator doors closed, muttering, "I can do this." Ghosts be damned. He found his self a repellent.

Toothless shook his head slowly, already feeling shame for his friend. He removed the sunglasses he was wearing, flinging his hair side to side. He tucked his hands in his pockets, leaning his backside at the elevator wall.

Hiccup saw the action, causing him to smirk.

"What?" Toothless asked, raising his brow.

Hiccup chuckled loudly, "Nah, just wondering why no shampoo brand had ever asked you to endorse them."

Toothless rolled his eyes, brushing his hair from the crown to the back of his head. He was sporting long raven black hair, mimicking advertised shiny straight hair in commercials. "I have to be a woman first before I convince anyone to use the shampoo."

Hiccup chuckled.

"I haven't seen any guy who gave a damn if shampoos give extra wave or shine." Toothless shrugged.

The two rode in silence, watching the floor reader change numbers ascendingly.

"So, what now?" Toothless asked.

Hiccup craned his head at Toothless, "I'm going to convince him that I could see ghosts."

"Newsflash, I've heard you say that over and over again for the last two days." Toothless sneered, "My question is how?"

Hiccup chuckled, biting his lip. "Well, I just thought that maybe if something 'paranormal' happened then he would believe me," he said, quoting his fingers at the word paranormal. "To see is to believe after all."

"Paranormal, huh?" Toothless asked skeptically, "and how are you going to do that?"

"Not me." Hiccup smiled. "The ghost will."

"Yeah, as if any ghosts will do that for you." Toothless trailed off in realization, "Oh him." He said the last word grimly.

Hiccup looked at his right side as if he was looking at someone. He smiled sheepishly at the air and Toothless felt his blood boil. "He's here, isn't he?"

Hiccup replied with a nod.

"Oh. Hey. Torch." Toothless greeted darkly. And Hiccup craned his head to look at his ghost friend who sneered at Toothless and answered, \*\*Hey, jelly pants.\*\* Torch hugged Hiccup by the waist and the older male allowed it by raising his right arm and resting it by Torch's shoulder.

"Did he call me names again?" Toothless pouted.

Hiccup chuckled. '\_These two,'\_ he thought. '\_I don't get how they could hate each other. They could not even talk without me.'\_

"What did he call me this time?" Toothless asked, raising a brow.

"Jelly pants." Hiccup smirked and Torch laughed at his side.

"That bratâ€¦! You're lucky I can't see you." Toothless exclaimed, whipping his head around in his fruitless attempt to find the ghost.

Torch blew raspberry at Toothless, \*\*No, you're lucky I don't haunt your house!\*\*

Hiccup laughed, gazing down at the kid.

It was four months from the day he woke up from his coma when he first met the ghost of Torch. At first, he got so scared with Torch's appearance for he had the flesh and skin out of his face, revealing the whiteness of his skull. The gruesome part was that he still had his teeth and eyeballs intact. There were also several burns in his body; some were so severe that they started rotting.

The ghost frequently visited him and Hiccup had asked him on what he wanted but the ghost never asked him for any help. He just simply hung around Hiccup. Weeks had gone by and Hiccup got less and less scared of the ghost's presence, realizing that Torch was just a kid with a scary appearance.

It was not too long when he noticed the ghost's appearance changed from the burnt corpse to something more human. Whenever Hiccup looked at Torch now, he was by far from his initial look. The once burnt face and body was now healed, if it was not for his grey color, he could mistake the kid to be normal.

The phenomenon was still unexplained to Hiccup but for now, he did not mind Torch's visits anymore. He oddly felt like a big brother at the kid, who told him he was eleven when he died.

The number at floor reader changed as the two held their gazes.

\_Eight, \_"Butâ€¦don't you think bringing him along would attract ghosts' attention?" Toothless asked.

Hiccup widened his eyes in question. Indeed, it was true. If they happened to meet eyes with ghosts and those ghosts found out that he could see them. Not only would he be scared and disturbed for days, he was dead sure that they would follow him back home and force him to do their wishes.

\_Nine, \_"Oh Odin, I haven't thought about that." Hiccup muttered, paling at the thought. He would be rest assured if it was not the 13th floor that they were going for. But being his lucky (of course, I meant the other way) self, he just had to bring his self to where the nightmares thrive. "Oh, bud. What do I do?"

\_Ten, \_"Relax." Toothless said, cupping his friend's shoulder, "We can bail out, you know."

Truth to be told, Toothless just did not wish for his friend to be associated with the Frosted man. Not when he found out that the man left his friend at the caf   alone (not that he could blame him). But you know, one shame was enough for his friend to muster. He was even worried now that they might throw his friend in jail for reasons such as stalking.

\_Eleven, \_Hiccup looked ahead, contemplating about Toothless suggestion. If he continued to go at the thirteenth floor, ghosts were bound to notice him but if he got Jack to believe and help him then he got himself a shelter to hide. \*\*But\*\*, if he failed  he was sure as hell that he would not be sleeping for the following weeks to come.

Toothless did not wait for Hiccup's confirmation and moved to push the first floor button. Hiccup saw it and he quickly hugged Toothless' arm to stop him, "Don't."

\_Twelve, \_"Ah, shit." Toothless thought. "Come on, Hiccup." He said, pulling his arm away from Hiccup's grasp. Once freed, he moved his arm again to touch the button, only for Hiccup to hug his chest, pushing him away. Toothless still had his arm extended, attempting to touch the button when suddenly  .

\_Ding!, \_goes the elevator. The two stopped and stayed at their rather odd position wherein Toothless had one of his arms around Hiccup's waist while the other was extended close to the controls. Hiccup was embracing the taller male, his right foot slanted on the back while the left leg was in kneeling position.

"Ah shit," Toothless exclaimed, looking at the two who were standing in front of the elevator door.

Hiccup looked down and saw the shiny black shoes of a man who was standing by the elevator entrance. He looked up and saw the face of Jack. The button they were wrestling over was left forgotten.

"You  " Jack said blankly. He stared at Hiccup's face with unreadable expression whereas Jamie moved his eyes from Hiccup to the taller male he was hugging. Jamie furrowed his brows in thought then gaped when he realized who the man was, "Aren't you Terrence Fafnir?"

Toothless smiled fakely, seeing the opportunity that Hiccup had frozen into place. He proceeded to push the close door button. Hiccup and Jack's gaze stayed until the door closed.

'\_What  just happened?\_' The four of them thought at the same time.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Two stumped man in suit :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>Jack was still staring at closed elevator door. "Did I just see that guy from two days ago?" His face was blank.<p>

Jamie nodded his head. The two of them were still standing in front of the elevator door, doing nothing.

"and was he hugging someone again?" Jack looked at his friend, still had his face blank.

Jamie met eyes with Jack, nodding.

"Tell me why I shouldn't call that guy crazy again?"

Jamie pursed his lips. He had been convincing Jack that Hiccup could be telling the truth somehow. He was known for his open-mindedness and easy acceptance of myths and ideas. And honestly speaking, he always believed in ghosts and spirits. But now he could not be too sure because you know, the scene from earlier seemed like Hiccup was forcing another man for skin ship. Speaking of the other man, "The guy from earlier I'm sure that was Terrence Fafnir." Jamie informed.

Jack furrowed his brows, "Who?"

Jamie raised his brow, "You don't know who Terrence is?" And Jack replied with a shake of his head. "He's a famous stockcar racer. That dude won a lot of cups and tournaments at the age of twenty one. Well, if you were interested in the sport you'll be able to identify his name anywhere." He informed.

"Why is he at my building?" Jack asked.

"That's what I don't know" Jamie replied.

"Shouldn't you be calling for security?" Jack inquired, "The last thing I want was to see my building's name as the place where a famous racer was harassed by a crazed man. What was he doing here anyway!?"

"maybe the raincoat?" Jamie supplemented.

"You didn't throw it?"

Jamie shook his head, "I kept it at my desk somehow, I felt like we would see him again."

"Did you plan this?" Jack asked skeptically.

"What?" Jamie said in surprise, "No! Swear, man."

The other elevator opened and the two entered it. The employees inside bowed their heads as greeting, leaving the elevator immediately after.



"It's just a raincoat thoughâ€|," \_'He could always but one, it's not that expensive.'\_ Jack continued. "Is he here for me?"

Jamie pursed his lips, "I think so." He replied, straightening his coat. "I don't think you have to worry though, it seemed he found someone new."

Jack's mind wandered off. He remembered how he was so curious that Hiccup had an address of Mr. Fredricksen so he visited the old man for a small chat before the old man left Burgess for Paradise Falls in South America.

**\*\*[Flashback]\*\***

"Haha, I know, it's too sudden. Well, it's not too late to fulfill dreams. I might not be able to transport this house to Paradise Falls but I'm sure Ellie would accompany for the trip and that's all that matters." Carl said.

Jack chuckled, taking a sip of his tea. "What made you change your mind?" He asked, smiling.

Carl smiled. "Well, a young man came last night, giving meâ€|" Carl trailed off, handing Jack the scrapbook. "This," he continued.

Jack flipped through the pages, "Wow." He stopped at the end, reading the words Ellie wrote.

"Yes. I may not have fulfilled her childhood dream but at least I now know that she cherished our journey together." Carl said, smiling fondly while looking around his living room. "I'm going to miss this house." He continued.

Jack felt a bit\_s\_ad, knowing he would order the house to be brought down for the mall they planned to create within the area.

"It's just a house, Mr. Frost. Don't feel disheartened." Carl reassured when he saw Jack's face fell down.

Jack smiled.

"Ahâ€|though, I was kind of sad that I was not able to thank that young man. It was raining so hard last night and he just left without a word," Carl said, sighing.

Jack furrowed his brow, remembering the reason why he actually bothered talking to Carl. "Just out of curiosity. What does this young man look like, Mr. Fredricksen?"

"Please, just call me Carl." He insisted, "Hmm, he's got a lot of freckles on his cheeks and chin, button nose, forest green eyesâ€|" He said, cupping his chin in thought, "I think his hair was brownâ€|reddish even. I couldn't tell clearly since most of his hair was covered by the hood of his raincoatâ€|"

Jack's ears perked up, tensing a bit when he realized that the description was spot on. "Uhmâ€|was the raincoat whiteâ€|?"

Carl nodded his head, "How did you know?"

Jack sighed, "I happen to see a man with the same description hitch a ride. We kind of let him in and he started blabbering nonsense." Jack took out the paper with him, "He left his raincoat at my car and this paper was in his pocket."

Carl took the paper and saw his address, "Oh, this is Ellie's handwriting. Hmm well, the kid is surely odd. You know, he kept glancing at my side, mouthing words."

Jack nodded.

"If I haven't lost my mind yet, I might have thought that he was talking to her ghost." Carl chuckled a bit. "Would be nice if it was true though."

Jack paled, 'What if he could really see ghosts.'

"Well, if you ever find him again, could you relay my thanks?" Carl said, tapping his hearing aid.

Jack nodded his head unsurely. Not really sure if he wanted to see the crazy man again.

"Promise me." Carl insisted and Jack had no choice but to nod his head. "Yes, Carl."

\*\*[End of flashback]\*\*

Jack lifted his chin, "I need to talk to him." He exclaimed.

"Who?" Jamie asked. "Hiccup?"

"I kinda promised the old man." Jack nodded, tucking his hands inside his pockets. "Call the security, don't let him out."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Two men in pursuit :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless wore his sunglasses again, trying to mask his face. He was not really expecting anyone to know him. He knew he was famous in racing world but not famous enough to be known everywhere and so he thought.<em>

The elevator opened at the first floor and the two hurried out.

"Come on, Hiccup. I just saved you." Toothless said, walking a little behind a grumpy Hiccup. "Let's just leave." Toothless added, pulling Hiccup by the arm.

Hiccup followed while Torch trailed behind. Hiccup noticed how Toothless was gaining attention from the employees they passed by. \_'I bet they recognize him.'\_ He thought. He hurried his steps, feeling bad for his friend (that he did not ask to go with him) for he knew how Toothless hated getting too much attention aside the times he raced. \_'I'll probably try some other time'\_

Toothless suddenly stopped, making Hiccup stumble a bit. "Why did you sto.." Hiccup said, not able to finish his sentence when he saw two guards in front of them.

"Excuse me, sir. But may I ask you to follow us. Mr. Frost would like to speak to you." One of them said towards Hiccup.

Hiccup looked at Toothless, smiling sheepishly. "Sureâ€|?" Hiccup answered with a squeak.

The guards nodded, ushering Hiccup.

Toothless followed and walked beside Hiccup, "I'm with him." He informed to the guards. One of the guards had probably recognized him for his eyes had widened.

The two got inside the elevator again and the guards were just behind them.

Toothless bumped his elbow at Hiccup's sides, making the latter crane his head up to him.

"What now?" Toothless mouthed and Hiccup shrugged, whispering, "I don't know."

The elevator opened and the guards asked them to follow. The two obeyed, walking past busy cubicles of employees at work. They stopped in front of a door and one of the guards spoke, "Please, enter this room."

Hiccup nodded, pushing the door open. He looked inside and saw Jamie, who waved a hand at him. Jack was nowhere to be found and he stepped foot inside. Toothless followed him, causing Jamie to gape when he saw him, and thinking, \_'What is he doing here?'

Jamie cleared his throat, alerting Jack who was seating at the tall leather chair.

Jack spun the chair, resting his arms at the table in front him. Hiccup stopped in his tracks when he saw Jack, only to step again when Jamie told them to take a seat.

The four of them were now perched at the long meeting table with Jack in the middle seat, Jamie at the right side, Hiccup at the left and Toothless beside him.

None of them spoke. Jamie smiled sheepishly at Hiccup, glancing from time to time at Toothless. Hiccup pursed his lips, fiddling with his hands.

"Here." Jack said, pushing a brown paper bag towards Hiccup.

Hiccup looked questioningly at Jack, asking, "What is this?" He opened the paper bag and saw his raincoat. "Oh, thanks. I forgot about this." He smiled.

Jack nodded his head, not saying a word. The silence took over again and Toothless decided to cut in. "Is that the only reason why you called for him?"

Jamie and Jack looked at the raven haired male before glancing at each other's way. "Noâ€¦not really." Jamie replied for the both of them, "We wanted to talk privately with Hiccupâ€¦regarding some matters."

Toothless rested an ankle to his knee, "You can talk about it \*\*now\*\*." He demanded, saying the last word thickly.

Jamie had his mouth open to say something in retort but stopped when Hiccup cut in, "He knows about the ghost thing." He informed, "Wellâ€¦he's my bestfriendâ€¦he was bound to know that."

"Ohâ€¦" was the only reply that Jamie said in return. Jamie leaned back on his chair, swaying the chair side-by-side, "But, aren't you Terrence Fafnir? The stockcar racerâ€¦?" He inquired.

Toothless sneered, "I am. Got a problem with that?" He answered dryly. Hiccup gave a warning look at Toothless, silently telling him to be nice. Hiccup knew how his bestfriend got easily pissed off when people hinted confusion at their friendship.

Jamie pursed his lips, thinking it was better to shut his mouth. He was just surprised that a famous person such as Terrence would be friends with someoneâ€¦.psychic or crazy (as Jack insisted) for that matter.

"So, you were not forced earlier?" Jack asked, making Toothless look at him.

"Forced?" Toothless asked, thinking about what happened at the elevator. He made an O shape with his lips upon realization before answering, "Yes, I was."

Jack raised his brow, looking at Hiccup. The freckled boy furrowed his brows at his friend, staring incredulously.

"But not for the same reason as yours." Toothless continued, resting his arms behind Hiccup's chair and leaning closer to his friend. The latter furrowed his brows more, thinking, \_'What the heck are you doing?'\_

"If you are worried that he followed you here to flirt with you. Don't be, I got that part covered. Right, \_babe\_?" Toothless said towards the platinum-haired male. He was inwardly gagging; it felt odd saying that to someone he treated like a real brother. "He's taken," he added with a wink.

Hiccup paled, feeling creeped out.

Jack smirked, "Oh is that so?" He replied. "Better keep him in check then. He seemed to look for skinship for the oddest reasons." He added, obviously ticked off at the raven-haired male for no reason. "Not satisfying enough?"

Toothless shoot a glare at Jack which the latter returned. \_'This asshole.'\_ The both of them thought at the same time.

'\_So what if you're famous? I don't need arrogant a-holes like you in my building.'\_ Jack thought, plastering a fake dazzling smile on his face.

'\_If my friend didn't need your help, I'll be punching you in the face by now.' \_Toothless said in his mind, returning the fake smile on Jack's face.

"Wa-wait! Wait," Hiccup said, pulling Toothless out of his chair. "Let me talk to him for a minute," he said sheepishly at the two. Hiccup went out of the room with Toothless close to him. Once they were at an empty hallway, Hiccup spun around to face his bestfriend. "What in Odin's name were you saying!?"

Toothless sneered, playing with his ear before crossing his arms. "Helping you."

"How was that helping!?" Hiccup said, flailing his arms around towards the door. He began pacing back and forth with slump shoulders.

"Look, that guy might have thought that you were some stalker and shit. I'm helping you get rid of that by pretending we're together." Toothless explained.

"But I'm not gay!" [AN: Ha! For now.]

"It's just pretend anyway. Don't piss your pants off!" Toothless retorted.

Hiccup stopped in his steps, "Thenâ€|?"

"Thenâ€|," Toothless repeated, "You can busy yourself to convince him that you can see ghosts."

"Okayâ€|but why does it have to be you?" Hiccup said, feigning disgust.

"Erk, got any better ideas?" Toothless replied. "Let's just go and get this over with." He said, going back inside the room with Hiccup beside him.

But when they got back inside, Jack and Jamie were already preparing to leave and they were already two meters away from the doors.

"Well, it's good you two are back. Uhmâ€|Mr. Hiccup?" Jack said, trying to gain Hiccup's attention. The said man looked straight into him, asking, "Yes?"

"The reason why I asked to talk to you was about Mr. Carl Fredricksen." Jack informed, watching the freckled man's face properly to see any reaction from him.

Hiccup widened his eyes, "How'd you know about himâ€|?" He asked, remembering the stout man he delivered at two days ago.

"Shouldn't I be asking you the same thing?" Jack retorted, "I saw a piece of paper containing the old man's addressâ€|how did you get it?" He continued.

"I got it from Ellieâ€|his wife. She asked me to help her deliver a picture book to his husband."

"But Mrs. Fredricksen is already dead." Jamie butted in.

Hiccup averted his eyes from Jack to meet with Jamie's,  
"Exactly."

Jamie felt the hair in his arms and legs rose. His gulp was the only sound heard at the moment of long silence.

Jack was starting to believe the smaller male's story. But who knows? Hiccup could have passed by the book by chance or was asked by Mrs. Fredricksen before she even died. "So, he was indeed you."

"Huh?" Hiccup asked.

"Mr. Fredricksen asked me to send you his thanks for the book. That's why I asked to see you" Jack said.

"Oh." Hiccup replied, remembering how he left Carl's house without a word. "How was he?"

"He's alright. He was currently planning for a trip to Paradise Falls." Jack replied with a smile that he quickly pursed into a frown, "'Wait, why am I being friendly?'" He cleared his throat. "Now, if you'll excuse me. I still have business to attend to."

"Wait," Hiccup said, "about the last time you know, the help I asked?"

Jack chuckled, shaking his head, "Look here, pal. I don't believe in ghosts, Santa or Boogeyman. If you are going to insist that story, I'll have you drag out of my building." He sneered.

Jack moved past Hiccup, opening the doors when suddenly his arm got stuck. He sighed loudly in irritation, thinking it was the crazy man holding him off. He spun on his heel, yelling, "What now!?" He quickly flushed red when he realized that it was not Hiccup who held him off rather his sleeve got stuck by the doorknob.

Jamie rolled his eyes while Hiccup stilled his laugh but Toothless on the other hand, laughed loudly.

"Jack, how about we ask Mr. Hiccup to prove that he could see ghosts? Just to get this over with." Jamie suggested, winking at Hiccup.

"That's not a bad idea." Toothless said in between breaths, leaning his back on the wall.

Jack glanced at Toothless' way with a raise of his brow. "'How ridiculous.'" He thought.

Hiccup spoke this time, "If I could, would you help me?" He said, facing Jack.

"Haha, why would I agree to something like that? Come on, this is ridiculous." Jack answered.

"Ohh, scared?" Toothless and Jamie taunted at the same time. They proceeded to look at each other in surprise before smiling.

Jack had always hated loosing or being called a coward. \_'Game on!'\_  
He thought, straightening his sleeves and brushing his hair back.  
"Alright."

Hiccup gave a crooked smile, making Jack feel stupid for agreeing.  
Jack was now thinking if he made the wrong decision because of pride.  
But whatever he was thinking, he tried not to show it on his  
face.

"Promise?"

Jack resisted the urge to gulp, "Promise."

'\_Shit.'\_ Jack thought right after.

Hiccup searched for Torch and saw the kid ghost spinning at a corner.  
He smiled at Jack, pointing to where Torch was playing spin, "At that  
corner, a ghost of a ten year old boy was spinning."

The other three looked to where he pointed at. "I don't see him,"  
Jack said.

"I know. I'm the one who can see ghosts here." Hiccup said  
sarcastically. Jamie giggled, causing Jack to glare at him. Jamie  
quickly pursed his lips for he knew that he was already pushing his  
luck. He was bestfriends with Jack but it did not mean that Jack  
would never get mad at him.

"Torch, will you move that vase?" Hiccup said. Torch still spun,  
ignoring Hiccup.

Toothless furrowed his brows, waiting for the darn bratty ghost to do  
its part, only to see the vase unmoving. \_'What the heck was that  
ghost doing? Why isn't he doing anything?'\_

Hiccup looked back and forth at Jack and Torch. Still, the kid ghost  
was ignoring him. "Come on, Torch." He cooed.

Jack and Jamie watched the vase intently. Jamie's curiosity and  
excitement slowly died down at the first minute, starting to feel  
that Hiccup might indeed be lying. While, Jack felt relieve that he  
would not be obliged to help the crazy man. He laughed inwardly,  
feeling stupid for being nervous at all.

The three waited another good minute while Hiccup kept on asking  
Torch to move the vase. Jack got tired and sighed loudly. "This is  
clearly a waste of time. How about w-" Jack was not able to finish  
his sentence when the vase floated and moved in circles. His eyes  
followed the vase as it spun around and his mouth was left gaping at  
the sight.

"Oh boy," Jack breathed.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you all enjoy this chapter. Sorry if it is lacking  
after weeks of waiting. ;3 Enjoy and tell me what ya  
think!<strong>

**\*\*Note:\*\***

**\*\*Who is Torch? Torch is a Typhoomerang dragon that the kids discovered in Dragons: Riders of Berk episode 4. If you watched that episode, you'll see that Toothless and Torch don't get along at all.\*\***

#### 4. IV: Dishonored and Cursed

**\*\*Thank you guys for reading and reviewing. Finally, I manage to make the next chapter. ^^\*\***

**\*\*And to my dear friend, everLastingTime, thank you so much for the beta. \*\_\*\*SchÃ¶nen Dank!\*\*\_**

**\*\*Status: Beta'd\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: The characters are not mine.\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><span><strong>Chapter 4<strong>

**\*\*[Dishonored & Cursed]\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Jack felt his body freeze. His jaw slackened involuntarily as he watched the ceramic vase float in circles. Jamie was not doing any better. If it was thought to be impossible, the brown haired male's eyes widened more with each second that passes as he watched the same floating object.<p>

"Impossibleâ€|" Jack murmured slowly, leaving his mouth open after finishing the sentence.

"Amazing!" Jamie commented with the same giddiness a child would have upon opening Santa's present or finding a dollar under their pillows in exchange for their unattached tooth.

And while the older males were bewildered, the younger two sighed simultaneously. For a moment there, the two thought they would lose the bet just because Torch refused to cooperate with Hiccup. Toothless could have sworn that if he could see the little kid, he would be ruffling the boy's hair in joy by now.

Toothless cleared his throat loudly, catching the attention of the three. "So? Is that enough proof for you, Frosty?"

Hiccup and Jamie faced Jack, awaiting his reaction. Jack just stood there stiffly, craning his head back to look at the still floating vase. "You must be using a trick hereâ€|" Jack accused, not wanting to give into the idea of the existence of real ghosts.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Toothless spat in annoyance. "Why don't you get close to the vase and we'll see if this is just a trick?" He dared.

Jack pursed his lips, although he did not wish to give the arrogant



racer the taste of victory, he had no choice but to accept that the paranormal phenomenon happening inside the room was the real thing. Firstly, there hadn't been any time for the two to set up any equipment or apparatus to make the magic happen. Secondly, Jack and Jamie had been the first ones to arrive at the meeting room.

Jamie was not able to contain his feelings anymore. He just allowed the sentences to storm out of his mouth. "Oh my God, they really are real!"

Hiccup awkwardly smiled, "Yes, they are," he confirmed while looking at Torch.

"How long have been seeing ghosts? So, do you have what they call a third eye? I believe you can talk to them right?" Jamie kept on questioning, not even allowing Hiccup the time to reply.

Hiccup glanced at Toothless for help in stopping Jamie from bombarding him with questions, making the raven-haired male sigh, "One question at a time."

Jamie blushed in embarrassment, scratching the back of his head and muttering shy apologies. It was his habit to blabber questions when a topic interests him and the very idea of meeting a real ghost medium thrilled him.

Hiccup tried to answer the questions Jamie threw his way, "Uhm, I have been seeing ghosts for five years now and I am not sure if I have the so called 'third-eye'," he said, quoting the last two words with his fingers. "But yes, I can talk to them."

And while the three were busy doing their question and answer portion, Jack, who was clearly forgotten by the three, took out his phone, dialling the building security's number. He spoke orders at the phone as silently as he could, "Send men up in the meeting room. Now."

And while Jack dropped the call, tucking the phone back into his pocket, the sound of the ceramic vase breaking resonated within the walls of the room, making the four jump out of their skin.

"Torch!" Hiccup exclaimed, "Why did you drop it!?" Hiccup asked a little too strongly when he saw that Torch had his arms crossed with the most annoyed pout in his face, indicating signs that the vase dropping was no accident.

Torch pouted more, looking at Hiccup. The little ghost pointed at sharply at Jack, making Hiccup furrow his brow in question, "Huh?"

Jack, Toothless and Jamie looked at Hiccup as he conversed with Torch. It did not take long before Hiccup looked back solely at Jack, "Is it true that you called for the security?"

Jamie gave his best friend a disappointed look, "Jack..? Is that true?"

Jack just held his chin up and started to pace lazily. He shrugged his shoulders, tucking his hands inside his trouser's pockets. "Look here, Mr. Hiccup." He spun on his heel, sitting at the tip of the

long table, "I congratulate you for making me believe in one of the biggest mysteries in the world."

The other four occupants of the room, including the little ghost, silently watched his every move and listened to his every word.

"Howeverâ€|" Jack trailed, "My time is too precious to be wasted by playing 'hero'."

"So, you're backing out?" Toothless asked, "â€|well, aren't you a lying asshole."

"But you promisedâ€|" Hiccup added.

Jack chuckled, shaking his head slightly, "Look, I'm sorry." He said, raising his palms up in surrender, "But it is not my problem that you're naive enough to believe in promises."

Toothless left the wall he was leaning against when four security guards opened the double doors.

Jack nodded his head towards Hiccup and Toothless, "Escort these two out." The security guards did as they were told, splitting into two groups wherein one group went for Toothless and the other for Hiccup.

Toothless pulled his arm away when one of the guards held it. He gave the guard a sharp look before walking to his friend, pushing the guard's hand away from Hiccup. "You don't need to do this. We're leaving on our own." He said, pulling the smaller male with him.

Hiccup just allowed Toothless to haul him out of the room but not without glancing back at Jack before they left. The security guards followed behind the two visitors, blocking any way for them to go back inside the room.

"Hiccup, you are not going back there." Toothless ordered, making Hiccup roll his eyes. "And I'm saying this for you. That asshole does not know a thing or two about complying with promises. You're better off without that guy's help." He finished as they went inside the already opened elevator.

Hiccup, on the other hand, just rode in silence. Yes, he was disappointed and yes, he should have been discouraged. The problem was, he was not. And in contrast to what most would feel, Hiccup felt more vigour in trying to convince Jack to help him â€" talking bout' stubbornness issues.

Toothless shook his head, knowing what his friend was thinking about. "I know what you're thinking right now and just so you know I am not helping you. You're on your own."

Hiccup rolled his eyes, pouting, "News flash, I didn't ask you."

And while the two headed outside the building, the older males were still in the meeting room, just standing.

"I can't believe you, Jack!" Jamie exclaimed with disappointment in

his eyes. "That guy was telling the truth!"

Jack sighed, "Jamie, are you seriously siding with that guy instead of your own bestfriend?" He asked, looking at the bits of ceramic vase that were scattered on the floor.

Jamie rolled his eyes, crossing his arms. "I am. Jack, you promised and made a bet. Aren't you even a little bit ashamed for going back on your word?"

"Well, he was not ashamed to touch me. Jamie, he was practically asking to invade my life—my privacy!" Jack exclaimed.

Jamie shook his head, grabbing his case and heading towards the door. "Uhh...poor guy. He looked so exhausted. I wonder when was the last time he slept?"

Jack rolled his eyes at his friend's obvious attempt to instill guilt on him.

"You know, \_if \_I had the chance to help the poor guy out, I would have." Jamie raised his brow at Jack. "I wish \_others \_would think the same way. Don't you think so, Jack?"

Jack groaned, "Jamie, seriously. Shut it. I'm not changing my mind." He said, grabbing his own case before leaving the room.

Jamie raised his palms in surrender with the case dangling in one of his hands, following after his friend. "Well, I just hope you do not regret your decision," he added with a warning, "Karma is a bitch."

It seemed that the four of them would be back to their normal lives but little did they know that the cheeky little ghost they all seemed to have forgotten had something else in mind.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: That afternoon :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>"You know you can just stay here, Hiccup." Toothless said, leaning against the wall with arms crossed, watching his friend pack things to head back home. "I won't be here for two months. Might as well have this place occupied." He suggested but truth to be told, he just did not wish for Hiccup to go back to his apartment for he thought that the place must be swarmed with ghosts by now.<p>

Hiccup shook his head, "Toothless, I know you're worried but they follow me wherever I go. It doesn't matter if it is here or at my apartment. They always manage to find me."

Toothless opened his mouth to reason back, only to be cut off by Hiccup. "\*\*\*And\*\* I do not want to damage anything from your place," Hiccup continued. It was not always the 'situation' but there were times when the ghosts that pursue Hiccup were violent, breaking and jamming anything within their reach when Hiccup refuses to pay them any heed.

The face of Toothless distorted into worry. Two months were a long time for him to be away from his friend. \_'Who would be there for him when I'm away?' \_He thought. Hiccup knew neither friend nor relative in Burgess for the reason that Hiccup's relatives were living way back in Norway.

"That worries me even more. How about you go with me instead?" Toothless insisted.

Hiccup made a mortified face, "Toothless, the last thing I want is to meet another bunch of ghosts whose language I don't understand."

Toothless snickered, remembering the time Hiccup met the ghost named Wally at one of his races in Japan.

"I had to ask people what \_this \_and \_that \_meant in English. Do you know how they looked at me when I asked?" Hiccup said, blowing his bangs out of his face while animatedly waving his hands around.

"Oh?" Toothless said, raising his eyebrow and snickering in amusement.

"They thought I was crazy!" Hiccup exclaimed. "How the heck would I know that the ghost was speaking Indonesian not Japanese!"

"Wellâ€¦I never heard any Japanese named Wally." Toothless reasoned.

Hiccup rolled his eyes, bringing his attention back to packing his clothes. "Whatever the case may be, I'm not going."

Toothless stayed at the wall he was leaning against, looking outside his full-length window. "Is the language barrier the real reason here? Or aren't you just going to keep on pestering that Frosted douchebag?"

Hiccup stopped for a moment, pursing his lips. He laughed awkwardly, fastening his movements in packing his items. "Huh? Of course, not. He rejected after all."

But both of them knew that it was just a lie. And Toothless knew better than stopping his friend because he knew the freckled man would still go for it. \_'Just let him do what he wants until he's satisfied.' \_Toothless sighed.

"Well, I'm done." Hiccup announced, holding his bag in one hand.

Toothless nodded.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Two days later :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>It had been two days since Jack last met Hiccup and ever since that day, things had been weird for him. If he did not think it was

just him having a strife of bad luck, he would think that God was out there to get him or in a more realistic theme, or someone must be playing a prank on him. The very night he came back home after seeing Hiccup at his office building, he had experienced someâ€¦pretty abnormal- or should he say- 'frustrating' situations.<p>

His double-story glass-like house, which was a three-hundred and fifty square meter area with a six hundred square meter garden, was tightly monitored by heavy-duty cameras and secured by a lock system that requires password and voice activation before you unlock it with your key. He never had a problem with the system, even once, but the moment he punched in the password, it kept on saying error over and over again.

He tried four times already and he got annoyed, calling the agency that provided his security system and as luck may call itâ€¦his phone decided to mess up. Whatever he did, his phone just kept on shutting down and it frustrated him so much that he could not even call his friend, Jamie.

It was starting to get cold and he was dead tired. He was about to drive off to his car, searching his pockets for the keys and unfortunately, it was nowhere to be found. He frantically looked for the shining piece of metal for an hour, giving up when he felt hopeless in seeing it.

He had to sleep that night on a chair beside his pool, battling off the coldness of the night. Morning came and Jamie had to drag him out of his sleep, telling Jack that it was already late in the dayâ€¦and he was terribly late for an important meeting.

All in all, his tardiness did not give a good impression to his clients, adding the dishevelled look he had for not being able to change. \_'The hellâ€¦they better fix that lock or I swear I'll have it changed!\_' \_He thought. Still, it was a great thing he had a way in talking to clients because by the end of the meeting, Jack was still able to impress them.

The rest of the day went well, except for some mishaps during lunchtime. His plates mysteriously fell \*\*thrice\*\*, which only stopped when he begged God to allow him to have even a bite. \_'I haven't eaten anything since last night! Give me a break!\_' \_And just when he managed to \*\*finally\*\* eat lunch, he had to spurt out the orange juice he gulped for it was undeniably spicy, realizing that hot sauce was puzzlingly mixed in his drink. \_'Who put this on my drink!?' \_He asked his self, whipping his head around to search for nearby suspects to which he slumped at when he realized no one was near him \_at all.\_

Throughout the day, he had to spend time clearing his throat. The stickiness he felt was probably due to his unaccustomed-ness to spicy food. It was a great contrast with his strong love for sweet and ice cold desserts.

The very next morning, Jack managed to get up from a good nights' sleep inside his home, even finished cleansing himself up from the unnoticeable dirtiness of his body. He shrugged off all the mishaps yesterday as bad luck because this day started off great (or pleasantly- like any other day of his life). He found his keys under his car's wheel, which he thought was odd because he remembered

looking at that place numerous times before. He just shrugged the thought away and drove off smoothly.

He was still twenty-minute drive away from reaching his office when his car broke down. He was not able to suppress the groan from his throat, brushing his hair with his hand. He immediately called Jamie, informing him that he would be late today in office.

"Wow, you don't happen to have a birthmark on your ass, right? How unlucky could you be?" His friend joked through the phone.

"Not funny, Jamie," Jack informed, groaning in frustration, "And here I thought it was all over."

Jack could not see his friend but he was sure his friend shrugged his shoulders, "Have you tried to fix your car?"

"I checked on it," Jack replied, looking down at his greasy hand. He had tried cleaning it with a cloth but it was not enough to clean his hands entirely. "It's something I can't fix on my own." He sighed.

"So, you're commuting?"

"Seems like it," Jack replied, kicking the side of his car. \_'What an expensive piece of junk.' \_It was the first time this happened but still it maddened him to no end, needing to have his car towed to the nearest fix shop.

The moment his car was brought to a known fix shop, he hailed for a cab in the next fifteen minutes, fanning his self with his hand when he felt the heat increase. One of the things he hated the most was hot climate; he would often feel like melting, which was an understatement, according to him.

Somehow, when he finally managed to hail a ride, he would often feel a tug on his coat or case, making him miss the opportunity to get inside the cab. "What that hellâ€¦" He said, searching for any string that caused his case to stick but he saw none.

Not long after, Jack gave up, deciding to take the bus instead. Once inside, he felt the breeze of the air conditioner calm him. The vehicle was filled with commuters; needlessly to say, he had to stand for the rest of the trip.

The ride was horrible in Jack's opinion. He had to spend time standing beside a huge man who probably never heard of deodorant or perhaps hygiene. The worst part, his face was only inches away from the man's armpits and he had to suppress the need to cover his nose, he did not wish to offend anybodyâ€¦most of the time.

He decided to scoot away for a bit, passing through other people, sighing in relief when he smelt better air this time. But then, the woman beside him spun. If looks could kill, Jack would be dead by now. The middle-aged lady slapped him hard across the face, causing people to look at them whereas Jack cupped his slapped cheek with a surprise look on his face.

"Pervert!" The woman accused, fuming.

Jack put up his hands in surrender, denying the accusation by glancing around the people looking at him. "No, no. I'm not." He said, waving his palms, "Miss, what are you talking about?"

And the words he said infuriated the woman even more, pointing a finger at his chest and dabbing at it, "Don't pretend like you haven't lifted my skirt!"

Jack widened his eyes. He used to lift skirts as a prank when he was like five years old but he never did that again after he started going to school. "Miss, you are doing a big accusation here. I'm innocent!" Jack exclaimed but the woman was having none of it.

Jack did not know what to do and was shocked when the smelly man held him by the shoulder, pushing him towards the front of the bus. People watched as he was thrown off the bus by the huge smelly man, "Scoot away before we have you reported you to the police!"

Jack had his mouth open in disbelief, \_'Why the hell is this happening to me?' \_He quickly went back to reality when his case was thrown out of the bus next, making him quickly grab it from the street before a vehicle damaged it.

He walked the rest of the way, feeling dizzy by the prickling heat. His cheek hurt and he was sure it was swollen. He felt his entire body dirty from sweat and dust, cursing under his breath. He was sure his hair was a mess from all the brushing and tugging he did on it.

The moment he arrived at the stairs, leading to the entrance of his building, he could not help but groan when he saw the familiar mop of auburn hair.

Hiccup had his head ducked, talking in the air. He was seated in one of the blocked railings for the trees, hiding under the shade of the tree.

"What do you mean you took care of him?" Hiccup asked loudly, unaware of the presence of Jack.

Torch saluted, not saying a word.

"Don't tell me you've done something to him." Hiccup said, looking incredulously at Torch.

Torch pouted his lips, looking at his foot that was busy kicking the ground.

"Torch," Hiccup called, trying to make the kid lift his head and look at him. Torch did raise his head - a puppy look was plastered on his face. Hiccup already had a clue that the kid did something. "What did you do?"

Torch did not remove his puppy look, brimming some tears in his eyes then tucking his hands behind his back. \*\*Just like what my mom used to sayâ€|I taught him a lesson. \*\*He replied, enumerating the things he had for the past few days, making Hiccup furrow his brow. \_'No wonder I haven't seen him for daysâ€|'\_

"Look who's here." A voice said grimly cold.

Hiccup swished his head, looking at the man who stood a meter away from him. He quickly sat up, grovelling for words to say.

"So, it was you." Jack continued, laughing harshly and shaking his head furiously. He touched his forehead with his thumb and index finger. "I should have known."

Torch tugged on Hiccup's shirt, making the freckled man look down to face him. \*\*I'm sorry, \*\*Torch said. And Hiccup knew it was voided from any lies. The kid was sincerely sorry. But what will he do now, it seemed like Jack was mad at him now.

"Uhh..Mr. Frost, let me explain." Hiccup said, walking towards Jack.

But Jack had his ears closed for any explanation, brushing his hair back.

Hiccup made a praying pose with his hand, "I know the little guy did things to youâ€|"

Jack spun on his back, shaking his head. Hiccup followed, continuing with his explanation. "But I know he didn't mean itâ€|no wait, he did mean it. It's just that he is still young and he doesn't know what he's doingâ€|he just doesn't know what's right and what's wrong," he explained, following up Jack frantically.

Jack looked at him for a moment, chuckling in a mocking way, "And you know what is right from wrong?" He quickly went back his way with an unreadable look on his face, paying Hiccup no heed until he felt the smaller man grab him by the arm. He glanced at the hand dismally, wrenching his hand away with force that he was not able to control, making the smaller male fall down to the ground, "Don't you get it!?" He exclaimed, "I don't care if a dozen ghosts came to torture me again but I'll say this again, I have no intention to help you at \_all\_. I have problems to deal with and yours is not one of them!"

Hiccup flinched at the outburst, not bothering to stand up from the ground. Jack looked around and saw people watching the two of them and he could not help but internally groan. \_'Great, I'm the bad guy now! '\_

"Jack, what the hell!?" Jamie exclaimed, kneeling down to bring Hiccup up. And to his surprise, he saw something he was not able to notice before â€" the medium had prosthetic for a leg!

Jack was surprised to see his friend, not knowing that Jamie had been waiting for him at the lobby. And apparently, Jamie had seen Hiccup and Jack walking towards the front of the stairs.

Jack lost the rush of adrenaline that he had, looking at Hiccup and noticing his left leg whose pants rode up, revealing plastic clasped with metal. \_'Is thatâ€|a prosthetic? '\_

Hiccup looked down at his feet while Jamie still held him by the shoulder, feeling like the smaller male would stumble any minute. He fixed his pants before gazing up at Jack. "I'm sorry. I don't know what to do to make it up to you."



Jack glanced at Jamie before sighing, "Then do me a favour and stay away from me."

Hiccup heard Torch sniffing, trying to hold back a sob. \_'I guess this is the last straw, huh?' \_He asked inwardly, nodding his head dejectedly and moving from Jamie's hold, bidding him goodbye as he walked away.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Sorry for making Jack sound like a bad guy here. He'll learn soon enough. :)<strong>

**\*\*Notes:\*\***

**\*\*Who is Wally? He is actually Wall-e from the movie Wally. I was going to make a flashback story and put it here but then I realized it was too long already...like 1.2k words and it was not finished yet so I deleted the whole thing. XD If you wanted to know the story of Wally and Eve, leave it at the review section then I'll upload it as a mini-drabble thingy. That's only if you want it to.\*\***

**\*\*As for the "Birthmark on your buttcheeks." It is said that anyone with a birthmark on their buttcheeks carries bad luck. I'm not sure if it was to themselves or to others. XD\*\*\*\***  
><strong>

## 5. V: Loss and Gain

**\*\*Sorry for the long wait. I had no inspiration to write much these days and I am currently occupied with review classes for the board exams. I hope you enjoy this chapter and thank you so much for the continuous support. I swear that once things in my life were a little bit settled, I will be writing chapters more frequently.**  
^^\*\*

**\*\*Warning: I might have added profanities here. Nothing you haven't heard once in your life though. :D\*\***

**\*\*Status: Unbeta'd.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own anything other than my miniscule brain.\*\***

**\*\*Note: The first three parts were from the same the day as the day Jack rejected Hiccup in the last chapter.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Chapter 5<strong>

**\*\*[Loss & Gain]\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>For anyone who knew the genius, they would be perplexed at the sheer amount of self-depraving insults Hiccup jabbed to his own intellect. "You stupid junk of a brain!" Grappling several strands of

his hair, he continued the words to stream out of his mouth, "For a man once praised for high intellect, the plans you made were entirely shit crapped out by a bull!"<p>

Failing to kick an immobile pebble on his way, Hiccup pointed and shouted towards the sky, "You, there! Yeah, you! I appreciated you hearing my prayers but did it have to be a human!? How about a dog? Or a cat? Even a snake would do!"

Torch snickered behind the palm of his hand. Despite trying his best not to be heard, the sensitive ears of the self-abhorrent man were able to perceive the sound, unwaveringly translating it as an agreement to the jibes on his stupidity. Unintentionally, (well, it was a little bit intentional) he gave a deadly downward glare at the snickering phantom beside him, who quickly froze on his spot and effectively ending his fit of giggles.

\*\*Sorryâ€|\*\* Torch kicked the pebble that Hiccup failed to mess with, causing it to fly away. \*\*For laughing at you, \*\*he pouted, \*\*And for ruining your plans.\*\*

Hiccup shook his head in defeat, waving him off. "Nahâ€|" Despite Torch's unnecessary contribution of slimming his chances to conjure Jack into helping him, Hiccup did not have the heart to get mad at the kid for long. Besides, any sane person would have seen that Jack blatantly wanted Hiccup countries away from him anyway. So even without Torch's interference, nothing would have changed. "It's fine."

Hiccup listlessly walked towards the nearest bench whose occupants quickly fled upon seeing him neared on them. With a raise of his brow, he looked around, mentally slapping his self for being unaware of his surroundings.

"Mamaâ€|that man was talking to the air." A chubby finger was pointed at Hiccup. Her mother quickly reprimanded her, pushing her hand down, "It's rude to point fingers, honey."

"Is that what you call crazy, mama?" The girl gave him a too focused-for-comfort stare. Hiccup conjured whether he was the creepy one or was it the little girl herself. And just to cut the girl from her indignant gaze, Hiccup smiled and waved at her which the mother nervously freaked out at, pulling the girl away from him â€" the newly branded creep.

"So much for being friendly." He muttered, wiping his face. He felt the heat of the sun shone harshly at him. "How could anyone be out under this heat?" '\_How ironic, I am out here myself.' \_He stood on his feet, strutting to get home. This time though, he would not be walking all the way home for he had the money for a ride this time.

Surprise! Where did he get the money? His ever so caring best friend left him cash which was more than enough for him to live off of for two months. Hiccup was embarrassed to admit it, but what is pride to a tummy that growls? For now, Hiccup would accept the goodwill (which he stubbornly referred to as debt) his best friend provided him until he was able to pay him back â€" well, if there was ever a chance for him to do so.

He exited the liberal beauty of the park to venture the hectic streets of Burgess where massive numbers of busy individuals strut to work. And atop the crown of the masses, Hiccup noticed the tower of colourful boxes that stood out amongst the crowd of black and white. Wasting his time, (not that he had anything else to do anyway) he marched forward to check what it was. Surprisingly, he found out that a single girl was carrying the tall stack on her arms.

How did she manage to balance the stacks of boxes was beyond him.

"Oops, sorry!" The girl said when she accidentally bumped into a grumpy businessman, "Please move your feet, you are stepping on my hair. Thank you very much!"

The petite girl, who carried the lofty pile of boxes, proceeded at the opposite direction of Hiccup. His curiosity should have perished upon seeing the pile up close, but the colossal heap of braided hair behind the girl was hard to ignore. Throughout his life, he had only seen one person " particularly one girl " who sported that much hair. "Uhh|Rapunzel?"

The girl must have superhuman hearing for she was able to heed his call despite the loud chatters of busy individuals, honks of cars and other high decibel sound that surrounded them.

Her eyes widened. "Ohhh, it's you!" Craning her head back, she walked back to get closer to him.

'\_What a surprise, she remembers me too.' \_Hiccup could only thank his memory for being able to register her unique name, even if they only chattered for several minutes. But then again, '\_Why did I call her for again?'

"Where are you up to?" She beamed, struggling with the heap on her hand.

Hiccup shrugged, "Home."

Rapunzel nodded joyfully.

And now the awkward silence ensued. '\_I'm not good with small talks.' \_"Uhm," '\_Oh well, when all else fails, return the question to the one who asked.' \_"How about you?"

"I'm on my way to the shop." She motioned her head to the heap on her arms, "I just bought all the ingredients I would need for my new cakes."

"I see|"

"Yup!"

More awkwardness continued.

"|"

"|uhm, I guess I'm going now then! See you later, |" Rapunzel said, then she giggled timidly, causing the stack to wobble which she swiftly followed to balance it back. "You haven't told me your

name."

"Oh yeahâ€|how rude of me, I'mâ€|uhm..Hiccup," he said.

Rapunzel raised her brow, "Huh? You are having hiccups?" She smiled sheepishly, feeling stupid for not hearing him well.

'\_That was to be expected.' \_"I meant my name is Hiccup." Unconsciously, he cringed, bracing his self for the expected fit of insulting cackle which seemed to be the usual reaction about his stupid name. But what he heard was a squee. Yes, a squee.

"Ohhh, that is so cute!" Rapunzel commented, bouncing a little which caused the stack to lose its balance again. Thankfully, she salvaged it from falling down the ground with her quick movement. Now that Hiccup thought of it, does this usually happen? Because damn, that swift move was what you see acrobats do in live shows.

"Uhhâ€|thanks?" '\_That's new.' \_

"Oh well, this is getting really heavy. So, I'll see you around, Hiccup!" If Rapunzel's hands were free, she would have waved a hand at him.

Hiccup felt a tug on his shirt. \*\*That looks heavy. \*\*Torch commented.

"It isâ€|" Hiccup seconded. Sighing loudly, he thought inwardly, '\_Well, I got nothing better to do anyway.' \_He quickly (more like limply attempted to) ran after Rapunzel. "Hey, Rapunzel!"

Rapunzel, once again, craned her head back. "Yeah?"

"You need help with that?"

"I would lie if I say I don't. But aren't you going home?"

Hiccup shrugged, "I'm not in a hurry anyway."

"Ohh, if you would be so kind then! I just need to go hail for a cab." She smiled in appreciation.

Hiccup nodded, taking half of the tall stack into his arms and following Rapunzel as she led the way.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: A few hours later :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>Good fifteen minutes had passed before Rapunzel managed to hail a cab. Three minutes to convince Hiccup to go to the cafÃ© with her as her thanks for his Samaritan deed. Twenty minutes inside the cab. Ten minutes to store the groceries. An hour spent for a good slice of cake and hot cup of tea.<p>

And all-throughout the time spent, the two acquainted themselves about trivial things. Rapunzel had mentioned topics regarding her

love for art and baking. But the most prominent subject that imprinted into Hiccup's mind was the issue of the café's pressing problem with \_haunting events \_which effectively scared all the employees and workers away.

â€|

"\_Haha, I know. The idea is absolutely crazy! But I could not help but believe it! I mean, every single one of my workers quitted, claiming the same reason."\_

\_Hiccup pursed his lips. "Well, have you experienced the haunting yourself?"\_

"\_Nope, not at all. I even stayed until midnight before, just to see it for myself."\_

"\_I seeâ€|"\_

"\_Haha, this topic must be freaking you out. Sorry," Rapunzel smiled consolingly.\_

\_Hiccup laughed awkwardly. "Then working alone must have been hard for youâ€|" 'As if these heavy stacks were not enough proof of that.' He shook his head.\_

"\_Haha, yes, it is a struggle."\_

â€|\_.\_

As for Rapunzel, she was ecstatic to hear that Hiccup was enthusiastic in arts as well â€" albeit it was only in drawing and painting though. But out of all the information Hiccup told her, the one that stood out the most was his unemployment. '\_How oddâ€|'\_ she thought. Although she had talked to him for not even less than a day, she could absolutely conclude this man was hard-working â€" something an employer would greatly appreciate from his workers. It does not even include the man's obvious intelligence.

â€|.

"\_Ohh, so you work as an engineer now then?" She inquired after learning that he used to be an engineering student.

—

"\_Hahaâ€|supposedly, but no." Hiccup shook his head.\_

"\_Why not?"\_

"\_Accidents." He shrugged.\_

\_She wanted to ask more but it seemed too personal, well, judging from the air of indifference the man was giving.\_

"\_It would be embarrassing to say but I'm not doing anything good with my life." He solemnly admitted.\_

"\_Eh?"\_

"\_In simpler terms, I'm unemployed." His cheeks reddened.\_

"\_I wouldn't have pegged you for one." Rapunzel chimed. "You look like the hard-working type."\_

"\_Haha, all my past employers think otherwise."\_

"\_How so?"\_

"\_Uhhâ€¦I tend toâ€¦freak them out?" Hiccup awkwardly replied, remembering how he would cower in fear whenever he was approached by ghosts while he was at work â€" in return, the people around him freaks out, dismissing him from work in thoughts that he was a delirious nutcase.\_

\_Rapunzel squinted her eyes. "I see."\_

â€¦|\_.\_

Do not bother asking him how. He, himself, did not know how he managed to keep a normal face in front of Rapunzel while the ghost of her auntie was hovering way close to his face. From his deductions, he concluded that auntie ghost, named Gothel, was an overprotective and manipulative woman with a penchant for vanity and youthful beauty.

How did he know? Wellâ€¦|

"Madame, I believe you are at the wrong room." Hiccup gulped, "The women's restroomâ€¦i-is at the otherâ€¦|" backing away from the looming ghost with a creepy grin on her face, "do-or." He finished with a squeak. '\_I don't remember her to be this scary the first time I've seen herâ€¦|'\_

The ghost did not heed what he said though, instead of moving away, the curly-haired ghost moved closer to him. Hiccup was a solid five feet ten. How a ghost of five foot five scared him was beyond his own comprehension.

Hiccup held his breath when the ghost was mere inches away from him. Expecting a mind-boggling scare from the possible wife of Satan, Hiccup was dubiously surprised when Gothel laughed like the wicked witch of Oz.

"Uhhâ€¦|?" Hiccup scratched his head, still cautious of the ghost. "I fail to see what's funny, madameâ€¦|"

Gothel stopped in the middle of her laugh, "\*\*Ohâ€¦|do you prefer me doing this!? \*\*She said, lunging straight at him with the bloodcurdling expression that could surpass Jeff-the-Killer's.

Hiccup tumbled down, covering his face with his arms, "Mother of all dragons! Laugh as much as you want!"

\*\*If you insist. \*\*Then she proceeded to laugh once again.

Hiccup gave Gothel an incredulous look, '\_Is there an asylum exclusively made for ghosts? Because holy shit, I would reserve one for this woman.' \_"What is it that you want anywayâ€¦|?"

Gothel smugly grinned, encircling Hiccup who had no intention to leave the floorâ€¦just yet. \*\*I was waiting for you to say that.\*\*

Risky as it may be, Hiccup rolled his eyes. '\_Assessment No. 1. â€"Manipulativeâ€" Great fucking-tastic! I'm so screwed.'\_

\*\*I just need a little bit of help, you know.\*\*

"Okayâ€¦" 'â€¦\_key to survival against manipulative ghosts: Be stupidly compliant.'\_

\*\*You see, I could not seem to get to the other side. I believe, it had something to do with unfinished businesses. \*\*She finished, checking herself out the mirror.

Hiccup nodded. "It usually is the caseâ€¦"

\*\*Is that so? \*\*Her eyes never left the sight of her own reflection at the mirror. To the human, she looked horrifying but for someone who seemed to overzealous to beauty, she seemed proud of her reflection.

'\_Perhaps, she sees her appearance differentlyâ€¦?' \_Hiccup nodded again. "Yes."

\*\*Then that is a problem. \*\*

Hiccup raised his brow in question. "Prob-lem..?" He squeaked.

Gothel daintily nodded her head, looking at him through the mirror's reflection before going back to primping her curly hair. \*\*I do not know what my unfinished business is. \*\*

"What?"

\*\*I believe you heard me the first time, young man. \*\*

'\_Ghosts and their attitude problems.' \_He sighed. "I've never encountered a ghost who did not know their unfinished business."

\*\*I'm the first then.\*\*

"Wellâ€¦I can't help you pass on unless I know what you needed to accomplish here."

\*\*Is that a problem, dear? Help me figure it out. \*\*

"Uhhâ€¦" Hiccup mustered up the courage to stand, eyeing Gothel who sinisterly chuckled. \*\*Go on.\*\*

Hiccup proceeded to stand with his two feet. "Okay thenâ€¦let us start with this. Do you remember doing anything bad before you died?"

Gothel lost herself in her thoughts. A very serious expression plastered her decaying face. \*\*Yesâ€¦\*\*

Hiccup nodded. "Could you tell me about it?"

**\*\*Wellâ€¦I remember wearing a very bad outfit that day.\*\***

'\_Thor fudging oreos! This bitch must shitting me right now.' \_Hiccup suppressed the urge to groan out loud. If he were talking to a human, he would be swerving out of the room right now. But as luck may call it, he was conversing with a ghost who would torture his life twenty-four hours in a day and seven friggin' days a week if he would as much ignore her. He would know, he had been there and done that.

"Pleaseâ€¦be serious."

**\*\*I do not kid around, young man. Appearance is an important factor to beauty. \*\*She snorted, eyeing him up and down, \*\*Not that you would know about it.\*\***

'\_Heyâ€¦that's offensive.' \_"Is this your way of avoiding the question?" '\_Assessment No. 2, 3 and 4 â€" Vain, passionate about appearances and bossyâ€¦Best combination of allâ€¦'\_

Gothel seemed taken aback.

"Please try not to withhold information from me. It's not like anyone else would know beside the two of us, right?"

She rolled her eyes. Hopefully, she would be compliant this time. Not like he wanted to do this anyway. **\*\*Fineâ€¦listen well.\*\***

'\_Not like I have a choiceâ€¦'\_

After minutes of hearing her out, Hiccup had concluded the last bit of his assessment. '\_This ghost is one heck of a protective goose to her gosling!'\_

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Unknown count of time but trust me it was too long for someone to spend in a restroom :::<strong></em></p>

\* \* \*

><p>"Sorryâ€¦uhhâ€¦I took long." Hiccup said, betting that Rapunzel was curious as to why he took a great deal of time at the rest rooms. To be honest, he was not prepared for any explanation if she ever asked, not that he expected her to.</p>

"Oh, it's alright!" Rapunzel enthusiastically replied.

'\_She is always happy.'\_ Hiccup thought, sitting back at the chair.

"I understand that you did the do." Rapunzel chirped, winking by the end.

Hiccup widened his eyes before furrowing them. "â€¦"

"â€¦"



"â€|the doâ€|?"

"Yes, the do."

"â€|"

"Geez, it's not like it's anything new." Rapunzel chuckled, starting to be unnerved by the silence.

"â€|"

"You okayâ€|you look unwell?" Rapunzel tilted her head to the side. "Oh, did it bug you that there were no tissues at the stall?"

"â€|Noâ€|"

"What is it, then? Sheesh, you do not have to be ashamed for being caught, you know." Rapunzel chimed, making Hiccup blush red in fifty shades, surprising his self for acting like he did something morally wrong.

"It's okay for you to potty as long as you flushed." She continued.

"Pottyâ€|?" Hiccup mentally slapped his self, laughing hysterically, "Ohhhh! Haha," releasing a sigh of relief. "You were talking about potty?"

Rapunzel nodded. "Is there anything else?"

Hiccup shook his head, facing Gothel and mouthing words away from Rapunzel's view, \_"You were not kidding."\_

\*\*Told you. She is a naï-ve, lass. \*\*Gothel rolled her eyes. \*\*She wouldn't understand that kind of talk. \*\*

'\_Better that she doesn't actually.' \_Hiccup thought.

"By the way, Hiccup." Rapunzel said, taking Hiccup's attention once again.

"Yeah?"

Twirling a lock of her hair, she chirped, "Are you currently looking for work?"

Hiccup narrowed his eyes, watching Gothel hover at Rapunzel's back to worship her golden hair. \_'That's soo freaky.'\_

"Hiccup?" She chimed once again.

"Well, noâ€|"

"Oh, I see. I was wondering if you wanted to work here?"

Hiccup met eyes with Gothel, feeling the hairs on his skin stood on ends. His mind boosted at the moment. Well, he needed to help Gothel figure out her unfinished business. Not like he would have enough

excuse to visit the café everyday other than daily dose of snacks and drinks, but since he was on a tight budget, the thought was not a likely option.

'\_Maybe helping Gothel by working here would not be so bad?\_' Judging from the daunting ghost who could possibly make her co-spirits cower in fear, she might be nice enough to holler the interfering ghosts while he was at the shopâ€|\_' 'I can hope for that, right?\_'

"You want me to work here despite what I told you earlier about my employment history?"

"Haha, that? It was nothing compared to what I told you about this place." Rapunzel chimed. "Orâ€|is it the reason why you do not wish to work here?"

"Oh noâ€|it's not that." '\_Well, yeahâ€|but hey, I got someone to help here, right? Besides, not like I have any work at the moment.' \_"You know what," he straightened his back, offering his hand for a hand shake; "I do wish to work for you, boss."

'\_Two birds in one stone, right?\_'

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Three weeks later, someone was brooding  
:::<strong>  
><em>

\* \* \*

><p>It had been approximately three weeks since the last time Jack had seen Hiccup and things had flown back to his old routine.<p>

Early mornings were spent perfecting his translucent (self-proclaimed) gorgeousness (not that anyone disagreed because let us be honest, he was oozing sex appeal). Eight hours were spent at the confines of his work place, doing what bosses usually do â€" order people around. If unlucky, he would spent few more hours inside the office for more pressing issues but mostly, he would be out earlier before the sun had even set, eyeing prestigious clubs to have his fun with his fortunate bestfriend who always tagged along to drive him home.

His life could be described as half-deadlines and half-fun times. And once he was at the silent comfort of his home, he would often contemplate with the routine of his life

Wake, work, party and sleep. Not that he was really complaining about this lifestyle. But he would be damned not to admit that the routine was not amusing anymore. The partying still provided entertainment for him though which had proven to be boring as well if done every single night.

Adding to his boredom, his houseâ€|was distastefully quiet, leaving him in eerie silence that effectively triggered him the sensation of loneliness. Every night, he half-expected his alcohol-induced mind to baffle out these thoughts but to no avail, for one point or another, the thoughts swarmed its way into the recesses of his mind.

His eyes roamed to the wall clock which blaringly showed quarter to ten in sky blue lights. "Wowâ€|Jamie tricked me." Chuckling to his self as he thought how good his friend was getting at fooling him. He swore he believed him when he said the time was past midnight. "He must have tweaked the time of my phoneâ€|"

He closed his eyes for a moment, willing his self to be lulled to sleep. But despite the slight drowsiness and sleepiness of his limbs, his mind would not allow him to sleep. Groaning, he opened his eyes then reached for the remote control. Pressing the power button, he skimmed through the channels, searching for any program that would pique his attention.

"\_If You're A Bird, I'm a -\_\_" \_â€" '\_Too sickeningly sweet for my taste.' \_He thought, clicking next with a cringe of his teeth.

"\_- shooting for a three, only to be blocked by â€"" \_Passing by the sports channel, '\_Boring replay again.' \_

"\_-\_ä½ è•žèµ•ä½†â„•é†-æ²¹" '\_Having a Chinese channel is beyond me.' \_Jack thought, pressing next to leave the channel which seemed to air a midnight Chinese drama.

"\_In a anoth-" \_Next.

"\_A storm heading to â€"" \_Next.

"\_Why don't you just fu â€"" 'Oh? This stupid show is still ongoing? What happened to the MTV Channel that was supposedly airing \_\_\*\*music \*\*\_\_instead of teenagers acting stupid?' \_Next.

"\_Despite being a small shop your cakes had amazingly garnered great number of loyal customers." \_The television's speakers had blared. Jack, closing his eyes, half-heartedly tossed the remote control to the unoccupied side of the long couch. Seemingly defeated to find any show he would enjoy. \_'So much for two-hundred fucking channels.' \_

"\_That's amazing! How do you manage to handle large number of customers with only two people?" \_

"\_Hehe, despite our number, the both of us work efficiently." \_

"\_These are really good! Oh, thank you, Hiccup." \_

At the mention of the name, Jack's lids opened, his body stiffly sat up straight like a braced-back soldier. Never in his life would he think that a talk show promoting cafes and restaurants would pique his interest. But here he was, eyes glued to the screen, well, he was not really paying attention to any of the cakes and drinks tantalizingly flashed for he was more interested to watch the interview, or should he say, the gangly waiter behind the long-haired blonde who was overtly self-conscious at the scrutiny of the camera.

Squinting his eyes, he hollered closer to the screen. '\_My, what in the name of (bad) luck is this? Who would have thought I would see

that face again? '\_

He stared (creepily) at the recorded image of Hiccup, subconsciously watching the man's every single move. Absentmindedly smiling to his self, he chuckled at the weird fidgeting the man was doing, nervously glancing to his side. For a not-so-observant, no one would have noticed the slight nod and shook of the man's head as if he was answering questions of an invisible entity " which Jack believed to be the case here.

'\_It must be the alcohol\_' Jack instilled in his mind as he felt a sudden pang of guilt while watching Hiccup nervously fidget on screen. '\_Perhaps, he was being bothered?\_' \_And seemingly back to his usual self, '\_Heck! Like I care!\_' \_

He stood up and turned around in a huff, picking up the remote and placing his hand on the power button.

He halted though, giving Hiccup one last glance as he unintentionally, '\_Of course this is unintentional,' \_noted the name of the caf   (which he recalled to be the shop they went to weeks ago).

'\_Well, maybe I am interested  |in the caf   of course! Not at the boy, like I care where he is at.' \_

He brushed his hair back, questioning why he felt like visiting the caf  . Then he answered his self right away, '\_It was \_the cakes  |and the coffee! I don't think I was able to sip my coffee last time.' \_He turned the television off, proceeding to the shower room.

He stripped off his clothing, going inside the shower and allowing the cold water pelt into his pale skin. Deep in thoughts, he remembered the disheartened face of Hiccup as he agreed to never bother him again.

Jack was not cold-hearted (most of the time) so naturally, he felt down as well for harshly refusing Hiccup. But, the boy's request was too much for him. Well, not like he was asking to sleep with him or anything (not in that kind of sense, of course) but Jack never thought it would be alright for someone to continuously cling on him because he might understand the boy's predicament but the people around them \_were \_a different matter. He was not afraid to be branded as a homosexual because he was openly known to be bisexual (and he was rather proud of it) but being rumoured to be flinging with a \_weirdo\_ was an entirely different story.

If clinging and touching was involved, of course, the malice-mouthed would roam stories about them dating. It was not like he could think of a good explanation if anybody asked anyway.

**\*\*Scenario number 1: (The truth approach)\*\***

"\_So, what's up with you two?"\_

"\_Nothing really. I'm just allowing him to touch me to cover his ass from ghosts and stuff  |\_"\_

"  | "

**\*\*End-\*\***

**\*\*Scenario number 2: (The egotistic asshole approach)\*\***

"\_So, what's up with you two?"\_

"\_He worships me like I'm a God."\_

"â€| "

**\*\*End-\*\***

**\*\*Scenario number 3: (The animal-lover[?] approach)\*\***

"\_So, what's up with you two?"\_

"\_I adopted a new pet."\_

"â€| "

**\_\*\*-\*\*\_\*\*End-\*\***

**\*\*Scenario number 4: (The I...I don't really know)\*\***

"\_So, what's up with you two?"\_

"\_I'm his human teddy bear."\_

"Awww, that's so cute!"

**\*\*End- \*\***

"I think I'm turning stupid if I can't even come up with good excuses." As much as he wanted to help the kid, being rumoured to be dating a weirdo would get his life down to the path of celibacy.

Turning off the shower, he grabbed for a towel to wipe his drenched body, covering his waist down with the towel. With a brush of his teeth, he proceeded to cloth his self then bound slowly for the bed.

The light, coming from the single lampshade beside his king-sized bed, had illuminated the wholesome of his bedroom. He sat at one side of his bed, grabbing a picture frame atop his table. The image of a long brown-haired girl with chocolate eyes occupied the hollow expanse of said frame.

A smile solemnly grazed on his usual smug lips, eyes softening as he stared at her smiling face.

"I miss you."

He placed the picture back at the table, tucking his self under the blankets. His hand pulled the string of the lamp, turning it off and shrouding the room in total darkness.

As he drifted off to sleep, a solemn voice whispered on his ear, **\*\*I miss you tooâ€|\*\***

Sadly, the living had no gift to hear the woes of the dead.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Is there a per chance that this is Hiccunzel? Well, it is up to your interpretation but don't get your hopes up. ;3 (Edit: No worries, this is a solid HiJackFrostCup. :D) \*\*

\*\*Btw, I recently got questions and requests asking whether I would consider putting Toothless and Jamie as a couple. And I was like, hey, why not? So, yeah. I'll work on it. ;) Don't expect it so soon though, Toothless is busy with his race. \*\*

\*\*Anyways, sorry if this chapter disappointed you guys. I made you wait long for something like...this... apparently. -.-\*\*

\*\*Sorry po. D;\*\*

## 6. VI: Deceive and Forgive

\*\*I know, I know. How dare I show myself here after so many weeks of not updating this story. D:\*\*

\*\*As compensation, this chapter contains 11.5k words. (This was originally planned to pan out in two chapters) I hope this doesn't come as a shock to the readers. \*\*

\*\*Thanks for everLastingTime for her insights about the chapter. You're awesome!\*\*

\*\*Status: Unbeta'd (Not proofread \_yet\_ as to errors)\*\*

\*\*Warning: This chapter contains flashbacks and scenes that occurs simultaneously.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Chapter 6<strong>

\*\*[Deceive & Forgive\*\*\*\*]\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>How did things go this way? <em>Hiccup mused internally.

A tall man loomed over him, giving no space for escape. With his back pressed against the vandalized wall, Hiccup held up his arms and positioned them in a protective curl; hoping his twiggy arms were enough to cover him from expected blows.

"Why are you following me?" The man asked warily.

Despite his anxiety, Hiccup found the guts to inspect the man's features, starting from his dark brown hair, going down to his hazel eyes, lowering more to his smug lips, and only stopping at the man's chiseled jaw " whose pointed chin sported a neatly-placed

stubble.

"H-haha," Hiccup laughed awkwardly, "â€|sir, I don't know what you are talking about. I'm just another person going the same route as you are."

"\_What \_a coincidence! I guess we both decided to walk around in circles, buddy."

\_Now that he mentioned itâ€| \_Hiccup glanced around. His palm met his face, realizing that the two of them had passed this alley twice.

Nodding knowingly, the taller male raised his brow smugly, "So?"

"Okay. You caught me." Hiccup admitted, massaging his arm to soothe himself. "It's just thatâ€|someone sent me to â€|"-

\*\*(FLASHBACK - three weeks earlier)\*\*

The soft pitter-patter of the rain against the windows of Corona cafÃ© broke the silence within the customer-empty shop. It was quarter to ten in the evening â€" a slow hour for any coffee-drinkers to pay them a visit, and decidedly, the two sole workers took a break, sitting on an empty table and sipping their self-brewed drinks â€" coffee for the boss, and orange juice for her subordinate.

Hiccup took this peaceful opportunity to interrogate, albeit implicitly, Rapunzel about her life; like a nosy talk show host, prodding on the privacy of their guests.

With Gothel's consensual nod, he began. "Rapunzel, I'm really amazed by your baking skills. These cakes are really delicious! Say, did someone taught you?"

With an obvious perk of her eyes, Rapunzel smiled as she answered humbly, "Thank you, Hiccup. And no, not really. I learned from observing my aunt as she bakes."

Hiccup glanced at Gothel and saw the adoring smile that embraced her usually-scorned face. Despite seeing the hideous decay in the woman's facial features, Hiccup was less scared of her after working in the cafe for a week, making his glances at the ghost comfortable - at least, in Hiccup's book. "I could see that she had influenced you quite well. You must have taken your \_sweetness \_and \_kindness \_personality from her." Hiccup tried not to snort as he \_complimented\_ the ghost.

But instead of getting a \_thanks, \_Gothel chose to raise her brow, looking him up and down for any signs of jesting (which was the truth in this case, not that Hiccup would ever admit that, unless he wanted a heart-attack triggered by yours truly, Gothel). \*\*That better not be sarcasm, Hiccup. \*\*The ghost threatened facetiously.

Rapunzel, completely oblivious of the phantom presence behind her, nodded eagerly and chirped her agreement. "That's flattering, but yes! My auntie is the sweetest and kindest person I've ever met."

\_Yeah, of course. She never let you meet other people anyway. \_Hiccup wanted to roll his eyes so bad â€" the only thing that's stopping him was the thought of inappropriately offending the person (and the ghost) across from him.

"Though..." Rapunzel halted, drawing circles at the side of her cup.

"Thoughâ€|?"

"She has serious trust issues."

\_Gotcha~ The answer I've been waiting for! \_Hiccup hid his smile and pressed onto the topic, "Trust issues?" Hiccup made his question sound curious at best, before he continued flippantly, "Like she's not allowing any employees inside the cafÃ©?" \_Come on, Rapunzel. Talk more! I really need you to.\_

And the glimmer on her eyes showed he hit the bull's eye. "Wow. Good guess!"

"Oh, no way...really? " Hiccup feigned his surprise.

As a reply, Rapunzel only nodded before she sipped her slowly cooling coffee.

"You know...I'm just curious," Hiccup announced, making gestures with his hands. "Did it ever occur to you thatâ€|haha, how do I say this? That..." He cleared his throat, and then whispered, "...your aunt might be the one haunting the cafÃ©?"

Silence took over them - a very unusual phenomenon if one were to have a chit-chat with the amiable blonde.

"Actually, I have." Rapunzel played with her hair, and sighed. "...and I believe that's the case here. She probably hates me."

Hiccup glanced at the motionless ghost behind her. "Hate you? Why would she hate you?"

::: \*\*A not so distant past \*\*:::

The sound of a hard slap resonated within the cafÃ©'s break room, safely soundproofing the noise from the customers outside.

"I knew it! You scum!" She said in fury, jabbing a finger on the tall man's shoulder â€" a violent touch that would surely bruise the accused man, not only physically but also emotionally.

"â€|auntieâ€|p-please, stop." Rapunzel kneaded her hands around her infuriated aunt's arm, trying to calm her down. "â€|just let it go, pleaseâ€|"

But instead of soothing down, Gothel loomed and glared sharply towards her niece, and with a snarl, she growled defiantly, "You are still siding with this thief!?"



"N-noâ€|of course not, b-butâ€|!"

"But \_what!?"\_ Gothel screeched to the fretful lady.

Caught in panic, Rapunzel opened her mouth but no words were said; neither defending the man accused, nor siding the woman accusing. Realizing that providing an answer would hurt either of the two people in front of her, Rapunzel chose to held her head down, silently wishing the pristine floor to swallow her whole.

"This is what I have been telling you! What did you really expect from dating an ex-thief!? Did you really think he would stop? Look at this," Gothel opened her knuckle, showing an authentic diamond necklace which Rapunzel's mother gave to her as an eighteenth-birthday gift. "He stole this from you â€" from his own girlfriend! And you are saying that I should just let him go?"

"Rapunzel, I swear I did not do this. I don't know why it was in my bag, I rea â€", " The man practically begged. His face was both in panic and shock.

Sadly, Gothel thwarted his dire chance to explain. "Silence!" She ordered at the top of her lungs. "Stop lying to her! You are already caught red-handed, \_you thief!\_ After I trusted and offered you a job, this is how you are going to repay me? Dating my niece was already unacceptable, but lying and stealing from her crosses the line! You should be \_ashamed \_of yourself."

"Noâ€|Gothel, I swear..I-I," He stuttered over his words, confused to where he should start. Averting his gaze to Rapunzel, he uttered softly, "Rapunzelâ€|please...believe me."

"â€|"

"â€|pleaseâ€|I-I did not do â€|"

Turning her back, Rapunzel still had her head low, "Just..."

"â€|blondieâ€|"

"Pleaseâ€|just go, Eugeneâ€|"

The begging man pursed his lips and silently eyed the floor, awaiting for the miraculous words of faith from Rapunzel. But no matter how long he patiently waited, Rapunzel failed him by ignoring his entire presence off her mind and shutting his words of \_fraudulent \_pleads.

When Gothel deemed she had won, she did not waste any time to push the muted Eugene away from her niece. "You're fired. I won't rat you to the police but don't you ever come back here, or else, I'll have you locked up right away. You hear me!?"

Yes, he \_did\_. But he did not care about the threat at all.

The only important thing to him right now was for Rapunzel to say she believes in his innocence - which, unfortunately, did not happen, and was all the more painful for him when she did not spare him a single

glance.

"Eugene." Gothel said the moment he was out the backdoor. "Don't bother my niece again." She finished, throwing his satchel on his toned chest.

Stunned beyond comprehension, Eugene did not bother to catch his bag, and just allowed it to bump and drop on the dusty ground. His mind only started working when the door slammed shut in front of him. And quickly, he snagged his bag and searched for his phone â€" there, at the screen, a message was shown.

Hastily opening it to know the sender, it showed the named he hoped to see â€" Rapunzel's.

\_Why?\_

The message said, leaving a bitter taste in his mouth.

\_Why..?\_ Eugene read the word in silence, stabilizing the unwanted pain in his chest. Giving the door one last look, he hoped Rapunzel would come out - just for him to see her face or possibly explain himself. However, he was given another heart-staking pain in his chest when no golden-haired girl appeared from the door.

Emotionally maimed, he left with a disheartened sigh.

Unbeknownst to him, Rapunzel was just right behind the door. If he had waited for a minute more, he would have seen Rapunzel staggering out despite Gothel's roar.

Days had passed, and Rapunzel have yet to receive her answer. Every single day, she would glance at her phone, and sometimes stare at the cafÃ©'s front door, obviously awaiting his return.

Her niece's lingering behavior was not left unnoticed by the ever-so-observant Gothel. Sharp as her eyes may be, the cold her heart could be. Because although she knew she could help fix \_what she ruined\_, she chose to keep a blind eye on the matter.

During the course of two months, Rapunzel's mood brightened, albeit slowly, and her lingering feelings slightly lessened. Thinking her waiting was fruitless, Rapunzel figured that Eugene neither have the courage to walk inside that welcoming door, nor the the guts to call her accessible phone. Therefore, she accepted the fact that she better give up on him.

Until one dayâ€|

\_We could really use some extra help in the shop. \_Rapunzel uncharacteristically sighed. Yes, ever since Eugene was fired, the work inside the cafÃ© had been hectic for only two women to handle. She had suggested they hire new workers, but Gothel was hell-bent against the idea, feeling that another unwanted relationship would occur between her niece and employees.

If only she could say that, \_Don't worry about the new workers and me having \_\_\*\*any \_\_relationshipâ€|because I still love Eugene. \_Then everything would be less stressful for the two of them.

It was around ten in the evening and no customers were around. Bored, Rapunzel glanced around for something to do, and her eyes landed at the nearby monitor, showing the live-feed of the security cameras inside the café.

She stared at each room shown in the videos: three for the dining area, two for the counter, one for the kitchen and another one for the break room. It was a bit excessive for a small café to say the least, especially when the cameras were placed in areas without great need for them – like the kitchen and the break room.

Rapunzel lost count of the minutes she spent staring at the live security feed. However, the time spent was not wasted when an idea clicked inside her mind. Her curious hand hovered over the keyboard, searching for the recorded video two months ago inside the break room.

Replaying the events of that day, she saw the answer to a question she had \_never\_ asked.

It was not a "\_why?"\_

It was a "\_did you?"\_

Rapunzel stood on her feet, stomping with a fury she never thought she had. Going up the stairs, she abruptly opened the door of the second floor which contained their humble home – a simple residence with a living room and two separate bedrooms.

She saw her aunt lounging on the couch, busy accounting their bills. Gothel lifted her head upon the sound of the loud bang, and gave her niece a curious once over.

"Dear, is there something wrong?"

Rapunzel felt like she was going to be sick. She couldn't believe the woman before her could do something so vile and cruel; manipulative even. Lifting her chin, she approached her with stomping feet. "I know the truth."

Gothel stared at her through her reading glasses.

"Eugene never stole my necklace."

"â€|" Gothel sat in silence, sighing and letting go of the papers on her hand.

"Youâ€|you se â€|"

" â€|set him up?" Gothel removed her glasses then stood, height matching her niece's.

"I saw it. The security video captured how you planted â€|"

" â€| the necklace inside Eugene's bag?" Gothel supplemented chillingly.

Rapunzel stood silently, whereas Gothel moved from behind her desk to the back of Rapunzel. Her hands made their way on Rapunzel's shoulders and she spoke to her ear. "Do you hate me for

it?"

"Apologize to him." Rapunzel refused to answer her question, scared that by answering, her real feelings would be invoked.

"You see," Gothel let go of her shoulders. "Apologies shall be done with sincerity, dear. I am guilty but I am not sorry."

"..then." Exasperated, Rapunzel spun on her heel to face Gothel. "â€|don't let me make you feel sorry, aunt."

While receiving a scrutinizing stare from Rapunzel, Gothel went back to her desk and informed. "He's a lost cause, Rapunzel. He had been convicted for a robbery not so long ago."

Taken aback, Rapunzel felt the back of her neck tense. Deep inside, she hoped the information was just a product of her aunt's ploy.

Gothel, on the other hand, held up a finger. "For once, I am not lying. It was not even a year and he's already teaming up with people to do crimes. He may not have stolen from you, but at one point or another, he would."

"I don't believe it."

"As clichÃ© as this sounds, it's always the truth that's hard to believe, my dear."

Rapunzel sat on the chair across Gothel, her eyes were painstakingly wide with tears brimming on the sides. "I can't believe it."

"â€|"

"All this timeâ€|."

"I know, shush, honey, stop crying." Gothel held her hand. "He promised to never do such horrible things, but thieving is his second nature, dear. You should be grateful I saved you from someone like him."

"I always thought y-you wereâ€|" Rapunzel shook her head, and then wrenched her hand away. "â€|I-I can't believe how rotten you are! Eugeneâ€|heâ€|he promised. I know he would do as he promised meâ€|you just had to rub his faults to his face!"

Gothel stood abruptly from her chair, her cool façade was long gone. "I'm rotten!? I did that because I was worried about you! You're too naïve, you trust people too much. Leaving you to a scum like him, I just knew he would hurt you one day!"

Rapunzel stood as well, meeting her aunt's infuriated gaze. But as piercing as her gaze may be, her voice exuded coolness which was absent in the heated voice of her aunt, "Between the two of you. You were the one who hurt me."

"Where are you going!?" Gothel said as she saw Rapunzel stormed off.

"I'm going to find him and apologize!"

"You are doing no such thing!"

"Stop dictating me what to do! I want choose for myself and act for myself. Stop controlling everything." She heaved. "I..after I found himâ€¦I'm going to live with mom and dad overseas..I don't care if I'll have to travel forever with them. I'm not staying with someone like you."

Perhaps that was too much on Rapunzel's part. But she was so disappointed and infuriated that she could not stop her mouth from saying the words. She just wanted to be away from the woman who practically raised her as much as possible.

But as Rapunzel was about to leave the room â€" a loud thud behind her was heard. She had every intention to just storm off and clear her head down the cafÃ© for a while. Probably, take back the words she said about leaving at a later hour. She knew how her aunt fear the idea of being left aloneâ€¦and in this world, all Gothel had was her and Rapunzel's mother.

She did not wish to look back, but the sound was too hard not to bother.

Horrificed â€" that's what she first felt when she saw Gothel, lying on the ground and clutching her chest.

Rapunzel did not remember how she held her aunt in panic, how she ran to the phone for help, how she waited outside the emergency room. All she could remember was her in front of Gothel's tombstone with her parents on the side.

She internally thought. \_You knowâ€¦I don't hate you, right?\_

\*\*::: End of the distant past :::\*\*

"â€¦that's what happened." Rapunzel said with a heavy sigh.

Hiccup actually heard the brief narration of the story from Gothel. It was during their talk inside the men's restroom. The ghost of Gothel looked solemnly at her niece â€" an expression which Hiccup dare not believe to be of hate.

With a bitter chuckle, Rapunzel continued, "This is probably why she was haunting me."

"I'm not so sure about that, Rapunzel. Ifâ€¦she was indeed haunting this shop, I believe it was to keep an eye on youâ€¦you know, to keep wrong people at bay."

"Despite the things I said?"

Hiccup drank the last bit of his juice. "Do you hate her?" He blurted out, perhaps, a bit too straight forward. Too bad, he realized it too late when he saw how Gothel and Rapunzel's eyes widened simultaneously.

"Noâ€¦I never hated her. I was disappointed, I wasâ€¦I was just mad." She heaved a sigh. "But I couldn't find it in me to hate her despite

the things she did. I love her like my own parent."

Hiccup watched Gothel, a sincere smile graced on her face. "I believe she felt the same. At that moment, she could have been disappointed and mad at you as well. But I believe she never hated you."

"I hope so." Rapunzel smiled weakly.

"Say. Did you find this guy, Eugene?"

"No. I tried to contact him or search some of the prisons around but I never saw him again."

"How about his home?"

"When we were together, we never went to his house. We didn't see the need for it."

Hiccup hummed once again, and eyed Gothel. "Would you still like to see him?"

Rapunzel's eyes perked. "Yeah. I'm still hoping."

"Then, please don't think this is weird." Hiccup fidgeted and smiled sheepishly. "but, would you like me to help you search for him? You know, just in case I stumble on him or something."

"Sure"

"Great!" Hiccup exclaimed, standing up.

"Uhh, Hic"

"Well, it's really late so I'm gonna go clean this up and go home," Hiccup said, taking the empty cups. "I'll finish the work myself, so just go up and rest."

Rapunzel just blinked as Hiccup moved fast, watching him disappear behind the door of the kitchen. Tilting her head, she thought curiously. "He doesn't even know what he looks like."

\*\*(END of FLASHBACK)\*\*

"Sent you?" The tall man repeated.

Hiccup opened and closed his mouth like a fish pulled out from the waters. "Uhh y-yeah s-sort of"

The man raised his brow before he changed his expression to that of realization. "Oh wait, are you the new recruit of the Stabbington Brothers? Man, I thought we'd meet up at the mall?"

"|"

Patting him on the back, the tall man continued. "Don't worry, man. Don't be shy. I think they informed you that this is my first robbery as well. I"

"Wait..! Robbery?" Hiccup inquired with eyes widened. "We're going to rob?"

"Oh yeah, I heard you don't like violence. Truth is, me too. But don't worry it's not really robbing, it's more like house thieving." Taking a piece of paper outside his pocket, he handed it over Hiccup.

Hiccup only stared at the paper, not making any moves to take it.

"I know. \_Why use paper, right?\_ when you could just text it." The man shrugged and suggested, "Just ask the Stabbingtons when you see them."

Taking the piece of paper, Hiccup observed Eugene as he stepped away from him.

"Oh yeah, have a lot of rest, we'll need it tomorrow. I'm Flynn Ryder by the way. You are?" He introduced.

"â€|Flynn?"

The man nodded.

"But isn't he named Eugene." He muttered under his breath.

Giving him an incredulous once over, the so-called 'Flynn' asked. "Whatâ€|? Did you say your name is Eugene?" Perhaps, the coincidence was too much for him.

Hiccup made the longest sound of, "Uhhhâ€|" And started to weigh down his choices. Would it be good for him to say the truth or lie?

\_Why did I have to learn about this? \_He internally sighed. Saying no and admitting of his innocence could cause him either of the two possible scenarios: left alive with few bruises or murdered with his body found floating in a dirty creek.

This was supposed to be an easy task. He planned to simply introduce himself as Rapunzel's friend, and use his convincing skills to persuade (or force) him to visit and reconcile with Rapunzel.

Not this!

Although, Hiccup gauged Eugene to be the non-violent kind of guy who would nonchalantly let a poor guy like him go, Hiccup could not risk the chances of being found out. It's a criminal he was dealing with after all. It's not just a matter of being caught lying (not that he intended it to happen), but it's about knowing whether he would live to see the day tomorrow (if he was stupid enough to admit of his innocence).

Ending up with a decision, Hiccup closed his eyes then lied through his teeth, "Yes."

"Rightâ€|Anyways, we'll meet up at ten in the evening, alright? Don't be late. I don't think the Stabbingtons would like that." Eugene, alias Flynn, said before leaving Hiccup alone.

Hiccup stood there, frozen, and leaned back against the wall. Thumping his head lightly, he unfolded the paper and read the scribbled address with his eyes.

\_Isn't this around the rich part of the town? Man, he's in for the big time, huhâ€|\_

\*\*Huhuhuhuâ€|\*\*\_\*\*huackâ€|hikâ€|\*\*\_ The sounds of crying and vomiting resonated close to Hiccup's left side. \*\*Help \*\*\_\*\*meâ€|hel-p m-eâ€|\*\*\_\*\*HELP me!\*\*

Taking that as his cue to leave, Hiccup briskly ran away.

\_Sorry! Can't deal with you right now!\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>::: A few hours later, a frosting wants something sizzling hot :::<em>\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Jack was lost in bafflement.<p>

What was the exact reason why he was at this place? Was it the craving for a nice and freshly-brewed coffee? Or a taste of those tantalizing cakes? It would be safe for him to say yes. But one had to wonder, why would he drive twenty minutes just to drink coffee when there were dozens of \_more known \_cafes five minutes away from his office building. Besides, did he need to buy the coffee himself when there were dozens of (almost worthless) workers he could order to make or buy the drink for him?

Turning off the engine of his car, Jack checked the time from his phone, learning it was just ten in the evening.

His fingers tapped the steering wheel as if he was playing the piano. Decidedly, he sighed and muttered. "Why do I have to over-analyze this? I'm just simply here for a cup of coffee and a slice of cakeâ€|" He went out the car with that mindset, walking as he stared at the starless sky.

Standing in the middle of the patio, his eyes locked to the front door of the humble little shop. Pulled out of his focus when -

"What should I do, Toothless?"

Facing to his right, Jack saw a man perched behind a tree, anxiously talking on his phone and curiously peeking inside the cafe. When Jack followed his line of sight, he learned that the man was watching the girl by the counter, which he remembered to be the owner interviewed in the show.

"â€|I don't know. Should I alert her about this..?"

Jack paced closer in silent strides, looking at the man up close. \_It is himâ€| \_He fully confirmed.

"What did you mean I should call the police? He'll go to jail."

"â€|"



Holding the bridge of his nose, Hiccup thumped his head against the bark of the tree. "Tell her I can see ghosts?"

Silence.

"Yeah, remember how that went last time?"

Silence.

"Yeah, yeah, go on, laugh at me. Ugh, Toothless, stop" alright, I'll tell her about what I see" should I go ask Torch or Gothel to convince her?"

Jack narrowed his eyes. "I don't like where this is going" He thought and before he knew it, he had already blurted, "You're going to freak her out, you know."

Hiccup quickly faced him in surprise. " "

" "

"why are you here..?"

"Coffee." Jack quipped immediately.

"T-Toothless, uh" I'll call you later. Y-yeah, yeah, alright. Okay, no, no, I'll explain later. Yeah, okay. Ugh, shut up." Beep " goes his phone. "Hey..." Hiccup said, making nervous gestures with his sweaty hands. "You heard that..?"

With a raised brow, Jack nodded. "So, you're involved in something illegal now, huh?"

"i-illegal? Of course not," Hiccup laughed dryly, doing an "oh-please" motion with his hand. But when he realized that he could not mislead Jack at all, (which was really surprising because Hiccup took pride in his (lame and utterly bullshit) acting) he sighed and slouched his back, "Ugh" do you really think I would freak her out if I tell her about the ghosts?"

"I thought my reaction was enough proof of that." Jack answered, making Hiccup wince.

Groaning in distress, Hiccup wiped his face with the palm of his hand. A minute had passed and Hiccup expected the man to leave. Failing his expectation (once again), the white-haired man stood there tall, carefully watching him. "What are you still standing there for though?" Hiccup asked.

A question that made Jack's eyes narrow. "..."

"If coffee is what you're looking for, it's definitely not out here. Go on." Hiccup shooed with his hand, calling Toothless' phone. The problem in his mind was putting him on edge, and seeing Jack's cool facade pissed him off for a reason he could not deduce.

"Aren't you working here?"

"How did you know that?"

Jack weirdly felt his collar get tighter around his neck, and he quickly placed a finger to loosen it. "Lucky guess."

"Saying you can read minds is more believable to me." Hiccup snorted.

Jack raised his brow, saying, "Just so you know, the reason why I'm here doesn't have anything to do with yâ€". He had every intention to explain himself. However, Hiccup did not pay him anymore attention, raising a hand and motioning Jack to shut up as he placed the phone back to his ear.

"What? \_Oh, \_who was I talking toâ€|?" Hiccup glanced at him for a moment, before he averted his eyes back to the cafÃ©.

"â€|"

"Nothing important, just some dude with personality disorderâ€|yeah? What? Bud, it's going down tomorrow. We have no time for that."

Jack felt his left eye twitch. \_Dude with personality disorderâ€|?

—

"But what if she hates him? That's not going to finish Gothel's mission. Ugh â€" what? Noâ€|this is bad."

Leaving the lanky man behind, Jack went inside the cafÃ© with a stomp, causing a stir to the customers inside. And some of the nearby girls giggled as he passed.

"Isn't he hot?"

Jack heard one of them whispered to her friends. Going straight to the table away from the windows (so he wouldn't see the sissy man outside) and other nosy customers, he waited for the blonde waitress to walk towards him with a menu on her nimble hands.

Taking it, he skimmed the menu half-heartedly. "I'll take this and this."

"Is that all?" She smiled.

"Yeah." Jack smiled back, looking outside to see the Hiccup still perched behind the tree and talking on his phone. (So much for searching a seat away from the windows, huh?)

When Rapunzel came back with his order, Jack did not even notice when it was served on his table.

Rapunzel, seeing his customer's attention outside, followed Jack's line of sight and saw Hiccup with his phone. Averting her eyes to Jack, Rapunzel stared at the rare platinum-hair of the man. Then the memory clicked on her head.

"Do you know Hiccup?" She asked, making Jack glance at her.

"No." Jack quipped, smiling right after.

"Oh..." Rapunzel said incredulously. She was eighty-percent sure that

the guy in front of her was the same guy Hiccup went with to this café before. Besides, if Jack did not know Hiccup, he would have asked who the guy was first, right? Not downright answer her with a no. "Well, enjoy." Spinning on her heel, she stopped when Jack called for her.

"Wait."

"Yes?"

"Do you mind if we talk for a bit?"

"â€|"

"It's regardingâ€|Hiccup." Because Jack knew he was already figured out by Rapunzel. Well, her face said it all.

"Soâ€|you \_do\_ know him."

Sighing in defeat, Jack nodded. "Please, have a sit?"

Rapunzel looked around, checking if any customer is in need of service. Seeing that she was clear for now, she sat across Jack. "You were the one he's with the first time he went here, right? You know the one who abandoned him?"

Jack winced visibly. Feeling that her words were far bitter compared to the coffee he ordered. He abandoned it and went to grab a bite of his chocolate cake, relishing on the sweetness of it.

"But, visiting him is really nice of you." She said sweetly.

Her sentence suddenly made the sweetness of the cake unbearable, putting down the fork to take a sip of his coffee. "Rightâ€|how long had he been working here?"

"A month."

Jack nodded with a smile. "You know, he's pretty weird.."

Rapunzel blinked. \_Weirdâ€|?\_ The only weirdness he noticed of the man was his odd bouts of startled shouts and minutes of talking to the air. \_That's not \_\_\*\*that\*\*\_\_ weird. \_She thought. \_Is this guy here to talk bad about Hiccup? \_Her face started to contort in distaste.

"..but he's a good guy." Jack continued, surprising Rapunzel.

"Yeah, I believe that."

Jack smiled then continued to eat his food, glancing outside, he saw Hiccup made his move to enter the café. "So..as a...friend" He cleared his throat, not wanting to dub himself as Hiccup's friend, "...whatever he would say, no matter how odd or hard to believe it is. Please trust him." He smiled.

Rapunzel just sat there blinking, not noticing Hiccup as he got close to them.

"Uhhâ€|hey." Hiccup interrupted.

Jack did not look up, continuously eating his snack.

"Hiccup" Rapunzel blurted but interrupted by Jack.

"I guess our discussion has to end, miss" Jack looked at her nametag, saying, "Rapunzel. Though could you keep my comments a secret?" He faked his embarrassment, "It's a bit embarrassing for a guy to compliment \_confectioneries\_ that way."

"Sure" Rapunzel furrowed her brows, quick to realize the hidden request of not telling Hiccup about their conversation. Though, she did not understand why Jack would not want Hiccup to know about it " \_Perhaps, he was embarrassed\_, she thought.

"Do keep what I said in mind though," Jack winked.

"Will do." Rapunzel stood up and said, "Enjoy."

\* \* \*

><p>"what?" Rapunzel's whisper echoed within the now-closed café.  
"you can see ghosts?"<p>

\*\*I told you that this is a bad idea. \*\*Gothel shook her head, standing in between the two.

\*\*You shouldn't have listened to jelly pants. \*\*Torch seconded, clutching the back of Hiccup's shirt and hiding from Gothel. It had been a month already but Torch still feared the older ghost, even up to the extent of avoiding the shop unless Hiccup calls for him.

The medium glanced at the two ghosts beside him before nodding. "I know this is absurd" Oh! Rapunzel," he side-stepped when he saw Rapunzel tried to make a run, "P-please, don't freak out"

"Hiccup"this is not a good joke."

"Rapunzel, you know I'm not really a joker."

\*\*But your whole presence is a joke. \*\*Gothel mocked. And for the first time, Hiccup found the guts to glare at her " an action caused by the by-product of a pressured and stressed Hiccup.

Rapunzel followed his line of sight, paling. She glanced around and wrapped her arms around herself. "You're really freaking me out, Hiccup"

"I know, I know..I'm sorry." Hiccup sighed. "I always feel like that when I see them. But I'm really telling the truth. I can see things that no normal person could. It happened after I woke up from coma years ago..You remembered when you asked me why I got scared after I saw you the first time?"

Rapunzel nodded apprehensively.

"It's because I saw the ghost of your aunt...actually she is here with us."

"â€| "

"I haven't seen your aunt in any pictures, right? Nor have you described her to meâ€|I could not give a full detail of her appearance but she has curly black hair, she's around five foot and five inches tall â€""

"â€|this is too a bit too hard to believe."

"I know. How about thisâ€|uhm, I'd ask her to move things, is that okay?"

Rapunzel nodded incredulously. A second did not even pass when the kitchen utensils started hitting each other. A few casserole and plates floated around them.

Rapunzel felt her feet wobble and Hiccup was quick to catch her. He supported and guided her to a nearby stool, taking the glass of water that Torch handed to him then offered it to Rapunzel.

"I know this is too much for you to take."

"Can youâ€|really see my aunt?" She asked, looking around in search for her aunt.

"Yes, she had been watching over you since the day she died. So now, you could believe me when I say she doesn't hate youâ€|"

Rapunzel nodded, "Why didn't you tell me right away? Why did you have to admit this all of a sudden?"

Hiccup, Torch and Gothel looked at each other.

\*\*This is up to you. \*\*Gothel said, while Torch nodded, running to the back of Hiccup when he realized he was already beside the older ghost.

"Okay, here is whyâ€|"

By the time Hiccup finished explaining, the clock had chimed the stroke of midnight. He told about Gothel's unfinished business, his mission to help her, his search for Eugene, and his discovery of Eugene'sâ€|dangerous new job.

"Heâ€|went back to stealing?" Rapunzel muttered weakly.

Gothel rolled her eyes. \*\*What do you expect?\*\*

Hiccup shook his head at Gothel. "\_About to\_." He pointed out.

"What do you mean..?"

"The Stabbington Brothers are notorious twin criminals, who are popular for their successful streak of high-class condominium and small-scale apartmen thievery. They never went for big houses. And this.." Hiccup pulled out the paper Eugene gave. "..is an address within the richest residences in Burgess. Bigger houses meant the need for bigger crew. I believe they hired Eugene and another guy, he thought was me, for extra hands."

"I don't see why you had to tell me these thingsâ€¦I thought you wanted me to reconcile with Eugene. You're making me feel more disappointed right now."

**\*\*She has a point, Hiccup. \*\***

"Not helping, Torch." Hiccup muttered behind his back, facing Rapunzel again. "That was not my intention, Rapunzel. I just wanted you to knock some sense into his head before it's too late. And I know it's only you who could. I'm just a stranger who was blurting nonsense after all."

The four of them were all quiet for a moment until Rapunzel spoke.

"..So, what's the plan?"

**\* \* \***

><p><strong><em>::: Tomorrow night at ten o'clock, two humans were hiding by the road's well-tended shrubbery :::<em>\*\*

**\* \* \***

><p>"<em>That is your plan!?" <em>Toothless shouted against the receiver. "\_Come on, Hiccup! This is real lifeâ€¦that's going to put you in danger!"\_

"Hiccup, are you okay?" Rapunzel asked, seeing the way Hiccup winced at the loudness of Toothless' voice.

"\_Waitâ€¦is the girl with you? You brought her with you!? Are you fucking nuts!?"\_

"Bud, calm down." Hiccup requested. "You told me to tell her about thisâ€¦"

"\_Yeah, I fucking did! But I thought I told you to just make the girl talk to Eugene \_\_\*\*before\*\*\_\_ the burglary happens, not while it is happening!"\_

Hiccup held the phone away from his ears, "Bud, if we had a choice, we wouldn't even do this."

"\_You have a choice! Call the cops then let Rapunzel talk to him â€¦"\_

"But that's already behind bars!"

"\_It's better than the two of you inside a coffin! I would hate to arrange your funeral, Hiccup! Your dad would make me follow you right away."\_

"Wouldn't you love that, bud? Even in death, we're together. We should have gotten married when we had the chance."

"\_Hiccup! Don't do it. Let the cops handle this!"\_

"I have two ghosts with me, bud."

"\_What? You mean Satan's wife and son?"\_

Hiccup rolled his eyes, "That's offensive, you know."

The meaningless conversation was cut off when Torch appeared behind them. \*\*We're in.\*\*

\_Ugh, thank God for this heavenly salvation. \_Hiccup prayed, fearing his ears would bleed if their call kept on for another second. "I'll call you back, Toothless."

"\_Wai â€", " \_Hiccup ended the call, turning his phone off.

Facing Rapunzel, he said, "Now..we wait till they make their move."

Rapunzel nodded her head, "My hands are shaking so muchâ€|"

Hiccup smiled weakly, his voice squeaked as he answered back, "Same."

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: In another part of the vicinity, the three burglars waited for the fourth :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Where the fuck is that guy? He's late!" The eye-patched Stabbington complained.<p>

"Flynn, are you fucking sure that you gave the address to him?" The no-patched Stabbington asked in irritation.

"Yeah, I promise, man. I even told him not to be late."

"Well, he sure is taking a hell of a time getting his ass over here!"

"Well, fuck! Let's just start this without him. Get everything ready."

"Alright, man. Chill." Flynn supplied, pursing his lips immediately when the two glared daggers at him.

And the three went into action, grabbing their tools to start their crime.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Tick-tock, tick-tock :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>"<em>You know, it's against the law to use your phone while driving." <em>

"Being righteous on me now, huh?" Jack smirked. "Don't worry, man. I have both of my hands on the steer. Phone is on the side."

"\_Uhuh. So which club should I pick you up later?"\_

"The \_home\_ club."

"\_Home clu â€"â€|wait, hold up. You mean you are already going home? I think my watch is broken, it must be three hours late."\_

Jack rolled his eyes, smirking. "Yeah, yeah. I'm going home too early and your watch only says eleven. \_I \_get it."

Jamie snorted, saying, \_"What did you eat?"\_

"Nothing really. It's probably why I'm like this."

"\_Ha! Anyways, which home?"\_

Taking a turn, he finally entered the area where colossal houses were built. Each house was designed in a modern way; with their notable structure of see-through glasses, scattered lights and box-like structures. The place almost looked like a subdivision with only one house design.

"The one in Leo Valley."

"\_Eh? Don't you usually sleep in your condominium on Wednesdays..?"\_

"That's when I'm drunk and have \_you\_ as my driver."

Jamie blew air through his nose. \_"It's the closest. I need my sleep too you know. Maybe if you went home before midnight next time, MAYBE, just maybe, I'll try to drive you to your real house." \_Jack may not have seen it, but he knew Jamie rolled his eyes.

Seeing the flamboyant houses, it was only justifiable that the accessories were on par with the area's extravagance. So, imagine the way Jack's eyes narrowed at the out-of-date black van, parked a house away from his own.

"Haâ€|" He said.

"\_What's up?"\_

"Just saw this odd van that I'm sure pedos use to kidnap kids."

"\_You mean a cheap one."\_

"You know it." Jack said as he finally reached the gates of his home. With a click of his remote, the gates automatically opened. "Alright, Jamie. I'm home. Let's just talk tomorrow."

"\_Okay." \_Jamie said then dropped the call.

"Aww, he did not even say goodbye." Jack parked his car, taking his stuff from the unoccupied front seat then closed his door. Fixing his hair when he saw his reflection within his car's shiny exterior, he walked straight to his front door, not sparing his surroundings a second glance. All that he wanted to do was to strip, shower, dress,



and then sleep.

But when his eyes landed in one of his windows, all thoughts of tidying and resting perished from his mind.

"What theâ€¦" He murmured. "â€¦why are the lights on?"

\_Did I forgot to turn them off? \_Jack contorted his head in thought, trying to remember whether he forgot the switch. \_My house couldn't beâ€¦trespassed, right? \_Because if it did; a call from the security company would alarm him if anything or anyone opened the entrances outside.

Clearly, he did not get any. And in faith, he believed his house was safe, that he was safe.

Shrugging it off as his mistake in leaving the lights on, Jack input his code then waited for the keyhole to be shown. Once revealed, he did not waste a minute to twist the door open.

[Door unlocked] The computerized voice said.

"Home at last." Jack breathed, heading upstairs tiredly to take a quick shower.

But the lights (he thought he neglected to turn off this morning) disappeared, shrouding his home in an unexpected blackout.

"â€¦the heck is going onâ€¦?"

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: An hour earlier â€" before Toothless' call  
:::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Torchâ€¦" <p>

\*\*Yeah? \*\*

"You awfully knew too much about this houseâ€¦Is there something you're not telling me?" Hiccup inquired.

Torch shrugged.

"Torchâ€¦" Hiccup called to get his attention. "How did you know the alarms would go off if doors and windows were opened outside..?"

Another shrug was his answer.

"â€¦and how did you provide us with this?" Hiccup waved the house's internal design, drawn in a piece of paper with the use of red crayon. "Shrug one more time and I would let Gothel babysit you."

The shrug, Torch was about to do, stopped. If ghosts could turn any paler, Torch would be as white as flour by now. \*\*I've been to this house before.\*\*

Hiccup raised his brow.

**\*\*It's that liar's home.\*\***

"â€|"

**\*\*You know, the one with old man's white hair? \*\***

"â€|Jack?"

Torch nodded.

"â€|"

**\*\*What? You asked me.\*\***

"You've got to be kidding meâ€|" Hiccup exasperatedly sighed. "â€|out of all the housesâ€|"

Gothel appeared right beside Rapunzel then faced to inform Hiccup.

**\*\*It's a lost cause. You can't get near Eugene, the Stabbington Brothers had a close watch on him. \*\***

"Gothel, did they indicate if this is the house they are going to attack?" Hiccup pointed towards the large estate in front of him.

**\*\*Positive. That is the one. \*\***

**\*\*Told ya~ \*\***Torch sing-songed.

Hiccup facepalmed. "This is badâ€|"

Gothel and Rapunzel raised their brows and asked simultaneously, **\*\*"Something wrong?"\*\***

"â€|this is Jack's home."

"..who?"

"You know, the one with the old man's white hair?" Hiccup copied Torch's explanation, making the boy snicker.

"Oh him!" Rapunzel said in smiles then turned darkly, "Oh waitâ€|\_that is bad. \_Are we still going to do this? He's your friend after allâ€|"

Hiccup looked at Rapunzel, sighing. "Wellâ€|Eugene is a friend to you too, right?" \_Well, Jack and I were not exactly friendsâ€|but still, I have inconvenienced the guy more than enough. \_"We'llâ€|just do as planned. Scare them till they leave."

**\*\*Are you sure this would work? \*\***Gothel asked incredulously.

"It has to work. If it doesn't, Eugene would commit a crime and go to jail, worse, we'll be accompanying him inside." Hiccup shivered. He had never ventured in prisons before but he was sure thousands of unrest souls were in there.

"â€| "

â€|

**\*\*Why don't you two just stay here and we'll do the scaring? \*\***Gothel suggested, glancing at Torch for confirmation. The latter cowered behind Hiccup.

**\*\*I don't want to be left alone with her, Hiccup. But it's fine if it's only tonightâ€| \*\***He whispered to his ear, sending goosebumps all over Hiccup.

\_Ugh, I hate it when ghosts do that. It's creepyâ€|\_

"Are you guys, sure?"

The two ghosts nodded. Hiccup proceeded to inform Rapunzel of the new plan.

"Okay, but what if Jack comes?"

"â€| "

**\*\*...\*\***

â€|

"Then we go in." Hiccup said.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>::: Back to Jack, Jack in black :::<strong>\_

\* \* \*

><p>Jack used his phone to illuminate his way to the fuse, wanting to check if this blackout was caused by it mysteriously clamping down. Jack was never scared of the dark; however, it never made him the least bit comfortable, especially, if you had to wonder why the lights of your house were left on earlier.<p>

Hands sweating, Jack's large ears perked at the sound he swore echoed from behind him. Brushing it off as the product of his imagination, Jack continued his way down, not wanting to look back. When he reached the door leading to his basement, he quickly went down, lighting his way to search for the fuse.

"It \_is \_down. Howâ€|?"

Wrenching it up, Jack watched the house be shrouded with light. "Much better." He said, observing the cleanliness of his basement.

"\_Wait!"\_

Jack hoped what he just heard upstairs was a neglected stereo system. Because he swore he would call the police already. The only thing that was holding him back was his refusal to be called a paranoid, or the discovery that another ghost was there to haunt him.

\_I knew I shouldn't have visited that cafÃ©. He's bad luck.\_

Cautiously opening the door outside, he observed his surroundings. But not a soul was in there.

\_I'm not Hiccupâ€|so how would I know that there's no soul in here. \_He thought warily. Shaking his head, Jack laughed to himself, "I'm being paranoid." He said, tucking his phone into his pockets.

"\_What the hell was that!?" \_A voice echoed within the house, followed by incessant sounds of things breaking.

Jack's eyes widened. "Shit." He ran on quiet feet then cautiously made his way to see three men upstairs, busy ransacking a bag which was hoisted out from his room. "Fuck, thieves.." He whispered, quickly dialling for the police.

"\_911. What's your emergency?"\_

"I want to report a burglary at thirty-second house in Leo Valley. Come, A.S.A.P."

"\_May I inquire who this is?"\_

"Jackson Overland. I'm the owner of the said house."

"\_Mr. Overland, if possible, try hiding or getting out of the house as stealthy as you can. Do not approach the thieves. We'll send help right away."\_

"Thank you." Jack turned his phone off, waiting for the right moment to bolt out of the house. While the three men were busy, rummaging through a shelf, Jack warily walked in long, but quiet strides. Everything's going great, not until the unthinkable happened, his phone blared a phone call. The three men spun on their heels then glanced downward and saw him standing in the middle.

\_Shit! \_

He was about to bolt for the door, when suddenly the shelves flung books towards the two hulking men. It managed to stump his intruders, unfortunately, he stumped him as well.

"What the fuck are you standing there for!? Get him!" One of the big two said to the less bulky man. The other shrugged before running down the stairs.

Jack internally cursed his \_tight \_security system. Not only did it fail to alarm him (the same goes to the security company) about the thieves, it was also hard to get out because one had to input another code to open the door even from the inside.

Knowing about his chances of getting out through that door was low, Jack bolted to the kitchen, hoping to get out from the windows, laughing internally when the guy, that was supposed to be in pursuit of him, stumbled down, looking like he tripped from something invisible.

However, when he opened the doors to the kitchen, he collided into

something and toppled down.

"Agh!" He groaned aloud, feeling a jolt of pain at the sudden impact of his body down the ground. He still had his eyes closed, trying to clear his spinning head.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a face that he did not expect to see.

"You!" He blurted aloud, only for his mouth to be clamped shut by the man who was sitting and straddling his chest. " whm mhamm mmo mmmmng mm mmere," he said under the hands which the collide-r translated in his mind as, "What the fuck are you doing in here?"

Hiccup kept a hand on his mouth, shushing him before letting go of his mouth. The huffs of the tired burglar got closer; Hiccup looked back and saw the tall man with a cover in his head.

"You!" The man said, pointing a finger at him. "You're late."

\_Bang! \_The sound of metal hitting a head echoed through the kitchen. His limp body fell down, revealing Rapunzel with a pan on her hand.

"Damn," Hiccup and Jack muttered. \_That's one hell of a panâ€|\_

Out of his daze, Jack rolled over, taking the other in surprise, and reversed their position. He held the other's wrist and stared him down. "What the fuck is going on here!?" He asked in a hard voice.

The crashes outside got louder. "I'll explain later." Hiccup said in panic. "But we really need to go!"

"Guys, they are getting closer."

Jack then stood, pulling Hiccup with him. Quickly striding to the window atop the sink, Jack opened it then supported Rapunzel to get out first.

\*\*Hiccup! Faster, we can't hold them off anymore. \*\*Torch shouted from the hallways, a few meters away from the kitchen.

That's one thing that sucks about being a ghost. People thought that supernatural beings had supernatural strength. Unfortunately, that was not the truth. Because when a person dies and their spirit roams free, the strength they had would just be equivalent to the strength they used to have as a living human â€" with the few exceptions for evil spirits â€" which was not the case for the two ghosts with them.

Yes, Gothel was scary, but she was not evil enough to qualify. Proof? She had pure attachments to others, namely her niece. For a spirit to be considered evil, they would feel no remorse or love for anyone, not even to themselves.

Knowing the guy could not possibly lift himself fast with a fake leg, Jack held Hiccup by the waist then lifted him up easily. "Go!" He ordered, snapping the other from his momentary gaze.

Yup, not the best time for him to blush, but what could he do? It was a spontaneous reaction from being held that easily. Hiccup nodded, scrambling out of the window. His thanks could wait later when they are safe.

When it was Jack's turn to leap out, a meaty hand stopped him in his tracks. The next thing he knew, he was turned to face the owner â€" a fist collided in his jaw, then another, and another came.

Jack did not even have the time to retaliate, seeing stars at each blow.

He was far from wimp, but realistically, two against one was not a fair fight at all, especially, when both men were twice his size.

Eugene woke up with a groan. He touched the back of his head then watched the Stabbington brothers kick the guy he was pursuing.

"So nice of you to join the party." Eye-patch said.

Eugene stood quickly, pushing the twins off the beat up man. "Hey! Stop it! We agreed that no one is getting hurt."

The twins looked at each other then simultaneously smirked evilly.

"You're right." Non-patch said.

Eye-patch held out a gun, pointing it towards the now-standing, Jack. "We can just end his life fast without much pain."

Eugene held up his hands, motioning his hands to put the gun down. "Come on, dude. We did not agree to this. We're burglars, not killers."

"Shut up, newbie." Eye-patch retorted. "It's either you get to our sideâ€"|"

"Or you die with him." No-patch continued, now aiming a gun towards Eugene.

Eugene gulped. "Oh come on, guys. Don't be like this."

"So?" Eye-patch slurred. "Which side are you on?"

Eugene glanced towards Jack who was busy wiping off the blood on his lips.

"â€"man, I'm a thief, not a murderer."

"Then prepare our welcoming party in hell, Flynn." No-patch said, about to pull the trigger. The ghosts, who were pestering them earlier, recovered and appeared just in time to pull down the hands that held guns, making the burly men waste their bullets in cracking the pristine floors.

Jack did not even waste a second to punch the eye-patched twin. Flynn followed by attacking no-patched. Gothel helped Flynn by pulling on eye-patch's hair, while Torch assisted Jack by biting on no-patch's

ear.

The twins did not allow themselves to be manhandled easily, exchanging blows with the less muscular males. Eugene received a huge blow to his jaw, making him hit the sink. Looking up, he saw the face of Rapunzel beside the window, peering worriedly at him. "Blondie..?" \_I must have knocked outâ€|man, I'm seeing Rapunzel. \_

Then before he knew it, Rapunzel shrieked then threw her pan towards Eye-patched, hitting the burglar's head hard.

Eugene glanced back and saw Eye-patched dizzy on the ground. Looking back to Rapunzel, he said. "Nice aim!"

"Thank you." She said, smiling.

Jack, on the other hand, was busy dodging no-patched's punches, until his lower back met the sink.

Hiccup, being an annoying little hitch that he was, peered close to the window and bothered Jack, "You sure you don't need my help Jack?"

Huffed then dodged to the right, "Pft! What would â€", " Another dodge then hit back. " â€" would you do? Knock the gorilla with your twiggy arms?"

And because of the distraction, Jack received a blow to his right jaw, not strong enough to knock him out but strong enough to take him off his rhythm. Wiping his lip, Jack shield himself for the expected right hook â€" an attack that never came because an unknown item hit No-patch at the right side of his head, twice, followed by another at the crown.

Jack watched No-patch go limp down to his knees, clutching his head in agony.

While he was trying to catch his breath, Jack glanced at Hiccup and saw the smugness on his face.

"My arms don't help much but my kicks are pretty good." Hiccup winked and waved the prosthetic leg in his hand.

Jack snorted then chuckled, "I don't think it's the best time to joke." He winked back.

"I don't see the burglar laughing."

Jack rolled his blue eyes then smiled once again.

And as the six tied the two, Jack finally heard the sirens he had been waiting for.

"Damn, we could have been dead already." Jack said, shaking his head and watched the two burglars who were out of their wits. Then his eyes turned blank in thought when the third burglar offered his wrists to be tied.

"Try not to make it too tight, alright?"

Rapunzel and Hiccup watched Eugene and Jack. And saw the platinum-haired man look at the other coldly, despite having the same towering height, Jack was still able to look down at the other, whose head was hung low.

Jack grabbed crown of Eugene's head, grabbing the cloth of his face cover.

Eugene closed his eyes, bracing himself for the blow. But the only feeling he got was the sudden coolness on his face when the bonnet was wrenched from his head.

"Huh?" Eugene, Rapunzel and Hiccup said at the same time. While the man questioned threw the bonnet in the trash.

"Put your hands up!" The police said.

"I'm the one who called." Jack informed coolly, while the other three humans and two ghosts narrowed their eyes in question, watching him.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>::: An hour later :::<em>\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Jack just finished his statement regarding the home thieves. The officer, who identified himself as Maximus, was highly incredulous of his statement, not that he did not believe the two burglars to be innocent<em>; <em>it was just that he was highly convinced that there were supposed to be three burglars to apprehend.

Jack inquired him why but the man said it was confidential.

\_Confidential, my ass. I'm the one whose house was almost robbed.  
\_Jack just nodded his head. \_If that's the case then they would only receive half the truth of my statement. The rest is fucking confidential.\_

However, when the twin burglars began blurting that Eugene was one of them. Jack was quick to explain that Eugene was a friend who saved him along with the lanky man and little woman. And even if they took Eugene, he would not press charges against the man for Jack owe him his life.

Unconvinced, Maximus was about to cuff Eugene.

Rapunzel, however refused to give up and somehow managed to coax the egotistic and righteous officer not to apprehend his friend and instead gave Eugene a two-month long community service.

\_Talking bout' convincing skills. \_The three men thought. Despite his relief, Eugene still had a scowl on his face. "A two-month community service? That's like prison work, just without free food."

"Stop complaining." Rapunzel quipped. "This officer is already being nice."



Maximum ordered a little chat with Eugene first before the officer go away to put the two burglars in prison. Jack, Rapunzel and Hiccup just watched them walk away in silence.

"Excuse me, sir. Please follow me to the ambulance and allow us to tend your wounds." The medic said to Jack, and the two rescuers saw the discoloration on the man's face.

"He did take a lot of punches."

"Yeahâ€|"

\*\*Bleh, wimp. Did you see me bite off that man's ear!? \*\*Torch said.  
\*\*It tasted horrible. \*\*

Hiccup patted his head.

Few minutes passed, and Eugene came back with an unreadable expression on his face.

Curious of the man's blank expression, Hiccup asked. "What did he talk to you about?"

"I can't, man. That douche said it's confidential. All that I could say is that you ruined their plan but still helped with the operation somehow." Eugene said to Hiccup. The latter only replied with a shrug.

"You were quick to assume the burglar was meâ€|" Hiccup said warily.

Eugene shrugged. "I've had my doubtsâ€|You â€" no offense, but I expected someone menacing as the fourth recruit, but you know, it was too much of a coincidence that day so I thought you were indeed the new recruit."

Hiccup smiled.

"Since you guysâ€|planned some kind of rescueâ€|or whatever that is. What kind of traps did you guys set? If I was out of my mind, I would think there was a ghost inside that house." Eugene joked, making Rapunzel and Hiccup look at each other with pursed lips.

"â€|wait, is it?" He furrowed his eyes.

"I'll leave this to you." Hiccup stepped back slowly. "Oh wait, Rapunzel."

Rapunzel whipped her attention to him. "Yeah?"

"She's watching." Hiccup smiled knowingly. "Careful." Then he ran away fast.

"Who's watch â€" Ow!" Eugene held his slapped cheek. "What was that for?"

Rapunzel just pouted with her arms crossed. "You! I haven't seen you for a year and when I did, I would learn you were stealing!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa," Eugene motioned for Rapunzel to keep her

voice down when he noticed the policemen looked at them in alert. "She meant stealing **\*\*hearts\*\***." He finished with a smolder that women would swoon for. The alerted policemen just rolled their eyes, thinking it was just another lover's quarrel.

And a kick to his shin was received. "Ow! Thatâ€|hurts, you know."

"It's supposed to!"

Eugene scratched the back of his head, sighing, "Look. I couldn't face you after I was fired from the cafÃ©, alright!" He groaned. \_This is too damn annoying to admit\_.

"Because?"

"Because I got hurt that you didn't believe me, alright. I didn't do anything! I waited for you to come out the door and let me explainâ€|but then, you texted me, asking me \_why.\_ Blondie, I thought you at least believed that I wouldn't," He paused, whispering the next words, "steal again."

"I'm sorry." Rapunzel blinked the waters, welling in her eyes. "I found out the truth a bit too late."

"â€|"

"My aunt â€|"

"I know."

"What?" Rapunzel narrowed her eyes; the tears still welled in the corners.

"I know that she set me up." He looked at his feet blankly. "I'm not cunning for nothing."

"â€|then, why did you not say it?"

"I'm an orphan, blondie. I never knew what having a parent was like. And Gothel, who was like a mother to you, I can't bear to be the reason for the two of you to fight..." Eugene said, uncomfortable at the situation.

"But I at least hoped you wouldn't believe I stole it. Uh ah," Eugene wagged a finger when she saw Rapunzel open her mouth to speak. "I know. How would you believe I'm innocent if I had no valid excuse and stuff? Ugh, I just thought you had faith at me."

Rapunzel pursed her lips, "I'm really sorryâ€|I wanted to apologize to you butâ€|"

"You couldn't contact me? Yeahâ€|I've been riled up with my old pals. I swear, I didn't join them in stealing but I was living in the same quarters as them. Apparently, there was a raidâ€|I was just wrongfully accused."

"Then how do you explain this? Really? House thieving?"

Eugene winced. "About thatâ€|" He leaned closer to her ear. "Please,

keep this a secret. I'm actually working withâ€|that dude over there."

"Maximus?"

"Shhh, keep quiet. Not much knows about it. Yeah, I've been a run-around boy for some of their operations, you know. Maximus said I give off the aura of an asshole fit for doing bad things. I'll fit right in the spying job, he said. And just in case, you were thinking, this kind of work started three months after I left the prison a year ago."

"â€|"

"So yeah, I'm not really stealing. Just a fake thiefâ€|or fake drug dealer or â€|"

"So this was a set up to catch them?"

"Yeah. They wanted to gather enough evidence to keep them inside the jail for a long sentence without chances of parole. The brothers were a duo backed up by a larger syndicate soâ€|"

"â€|why did the rescue take that long?"

"That's what I don't understand myself." Eugene groaned. "I asked Max, all he said was," He copied the dignified posture the cop always had, "That's confidential. But I'm guessing they just miscalculated things and he just won't admit because it hurts his humongous pride."

Another kick to the shin made Eugene groaned. "OW! You've grown violent since the last time I saw you." He said, hopping. "What was it this time?"

"What entered your mind and you joined a job like this? Didn't you think that you could die!?"

Eugene held her by the arms, feeling her shake in both fury and worry. "Chill, Blondie. It's okay. I'm still alive in breathing, aren't I?" He breathed deeply as a joke. "I knowâ€|this is a rather dangerous job, but you know, I'm not sure if I would still fit working as a waiter or anything of that sort, knowing that I'm a convict once. I don't think anyone would trust me t â€|"

"Then work for me."

Eugene blinked twice. "Huh?"

"Work for me."

"I don't really respect your aunt for what she did but I'm respecting that she doesn't want me on he â€|"

"Would you do it or not?" Rapunzel crossed her arms.

Eugene blinked, thinking. "â€|well, I got to talk to Ma â€|"

Rapunzel tiptoed, grabbing his shirt then pulling him down for a

kiss. It was sloppy but it was sweet.

"So?" She breathed close to his lips.

Eugene cleared his throat. "That's a bit unfair."

Rapunzel shrugged, letting his shirt go.

"Okay, I guess, I could talk to Max. But I'm telling you my fee is pretty high."

"I think I can manage." She smiled saccharinely, spinning on her heel, and then walked away.

Eugene, on the other hand, watched her as she sashayed and smiled to himself. "I did miss her." His daydream was cut off though when a hard hit to the back of his head happened.

"Ow!" He looked around, searching for the culprit. Shaking his head when he failed to see the perpetrator, Eugene shrugged his shoulders then followed Rapunzel.

The person, rather the ghost, he was searching for saw and heard everything. \*\*Stupid boy. Still smooth with words, isn't he? \*\*She smiled genuinely.

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>::: The time Hiccup left the two lovebirds to themselves, he searched for someone to kill time with :::<em>\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Hey.." Hiccup greeted, sitting beside Jack who just finished being treated.<p>

Jack just nodded his head in return, looking at his reflection in the hand mirror.

"Is it going to scar?"

Jack looked at him with raised brow. "Nah. But it would be swollen for days."

Hiccup winced before he nodded. Looking down his feet, he swayed them like a kid would do in a swing. "Iâ€|I just wanted to say thank you."

"Don't thank me."

Hiccup glanced towards him. "Oh?"

"Because you're going to fix all the things those ghosts and thieves ruined inside my house. You had something to do with it, so you take responsibility. And trust me, when you're done, you would wish you didn't thank me."

Hiccup could not believe what he just heard. Exhaling an angered breath through his mouth, he closed his eyes and relaxed. \_Well, he is right anyway. I'm responsible. \_"Don't worry. I would have without

you saying anyway. I just wanted to \_thank you\_, that's all."

"Good." Jack smirked to himself. "Oh yeahâ€|"

"What?" Hiccup quipped.

"You already called your boyfriend about this?" Jack inquired, looking at him.

"Boyfriend?" Hiccup asked with a raise of his brow. The scene of his bestfriend, claiming they had \_something \_other than friendship entered his mind. "Ohhâ€|"

Jack furrowed his brows.

"Nope, I haven't." Hiccup replied, looking everywhere but Jack.

"You should. Dude might be worried." Jack dropped the mirror down, looking ahead at the blue and red lights of the authority's vehicles.

**\*\*Hiccup. \*\***A voice behind the clairvoyant said.

"Ahhh!" Hiccup jumped away from his seat, startling Jack from his thoughts.

"What happened?" He asked in panic, looking to where Hiccup was looking at.

Clutching his chest for dear life, Hiccup breathed hard, stilling his fast heart beat. Hiccup observed the woman in front of him, seeing the familiar curly hair and calculative smile. "Gothel..?" His eyes widened, because like Torch, the ghost's decaying state healed, looking almost like a live human, if and only if, she did not have the gray color in her features.

"â€|You lookâ€|"

**\*\*Beautiful, I know, young man. You just didn't notice it before. \*\***She sat where Hiccup was sitting earlier with the poise of a regal queen.

Jack just stared at Hiccup, observing him as he talk.

**\*\*I just wanted to say something.\*\***

"â€|" Hiccup nodded.

**\*\*Just before I go. \*\***Gothel continued solemnly.

"Oh..." Hiccup felt the pang of sadness in his chest. Hiccup had already gotten used to the presence of Gothel (though, not as comfortable as he was with Torch) and he had accepted the woman as his friend (even if the ghost herself did not do the same).

If you were to remove all the scares and threats Hiccup received, the old hag had been nice to him in certain ways.

But for every finished business comes the real departure.

And, this is their goodbye.

\*\*Thank you. \*\*She said and smiled sincerely. \*\*If it wasn't for you, I will still be incapable of trusting anyone. Thanks to you, I learned of what my niece thought of me. It lifted my feelings when the two admitted they don't hate me, and that is more than enough for me. \*\*

Hiccup nodded. "It's nothing. I'm happy that I helped you."

\*\*Are you tearing up? Don't get chummy on me, dear. \*\*

Hiccup blew air through his lips, doing weird gestures with his hands. "I'm not tearing up! I'm a man with the strength of a thousand Vikings." He said, flexing his twiggy arms.

Jack laughed, making Hiccup look at the rolling-in-laughter snowman by the side.

"Try not to choke on your spit." Hiccup deadpanned.

"Haha.." Jack alternated between laughing and inhaling air, "â€|that was haha so good."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. \_Way to ruin the moment.\_

\*\*Such a shame, he's childish. He's good looking too. \*\*

"Good thing he can't hear you. He'll probably take both comments as compliments."

Gothel hummed, standing then started to walk away. Hiccup followed her as she walked, saying, "We'll miss you!"

A nearby policeman blinked at Hiccup, pointing at himself. "Are you talking to me?"

Jack, who just recovered from his earlier burst of laugh, started snickering again.

Hiccup smiled but his face was annoyed. "No.."

Gothel looked at him and raised her brow. \*\*Why? Are you resigning at the cafÃ© already?\*\*

"No, I don't think I can find work that would accept me anyway." He said, ignoring the weird gaze he was receiving from the policeman.

\*\*Then why would you miss me? You'll still be seeing me every day.\*\*

The ghost and medium must have been standing for a minute without saying anything. The only sound present was the fuzz of the policemen around.

"What!?"

\*\*Oh wait. You thought my business is finish already? \*\*Gothel

laughed mockingly. \*\*I just wanted to thank you because I finally figured out about my final business. It's just thatâ€¦it would take years for that to happen. So don't miss me too much. \*\*Gothel sashayed.

"â€¦" Hiccup was left there standing. Like a zombie, he went back to sit beside the now-quiet Jack.

"You okay?"

"Yeahâ€¦I guess, I just had a long-time new ghost friend on my list."

"I thought you were afraid of them."

"I am." Hiccup shrugged.

"I don't get you, really." Jack stood and stretched, "Oh well, get up. Let's go."

"What?"

"You," Jack pointed at the lanky man who was in obvious confusion. "â€¦do you have anyone to take you home?"

"â€¦oh." Taking out his phone, Hiccup saw that it was almost one in the morning. "Shit, I should be going." Hiccup stood abruptly, pocketing his phone.

"Wait."

Hiccup looked back and faced Jack. "Yeah?"

"I'm driving you home. The nearest bus stop is two kilometres away from here."

"Oh no, no, it's okay. I'll just go ask the co â€¦"

"You wouldn't wanna give the police a scare with your weirdness, alright? Just follow me to the car." Jack said nonchalantly, passing by Hiccup who was frozen to his spot.

\_Well, what do you knowâ€¦guy is not that much of an asshole after all.\_

"If I passed the gates and you're still there. My offer turns invalid." Jack said icily.

Hiccup shook his head, smiling. Limping on his feet as he followed and reached Jack, "For a snowman, you got quite the temper."

Jack looked at him, his left eye was twitching, "A snowmanâ€¦"

Hiccup smiled mockingly.

"Said the scarecrow who is scared of the crows." Jack retorted with a smirk.

Hiccup narrowed his eyes, saying, "If you wanted a comeback, you

didn't have to try so hard."

"But you're as thin as a scarecrow, as weird looking as a scarecrow" Jack shrugged nonchalantly. "If you tried hard enough, you could scare the \_crows \_away." Pointing his hands towards Hiccup, Jack said mockingly.

"They are not, I assure you. If they were, I would never have bothered you."

Jack stopped and Hiccup had five steps ahead of him. When Hiccup noticed his companion had lagged behind, he looked back and saw Jack, watching him.

"Jack" Is there something wrong?"

Pulled out of his thoughts, Jack blinked then started walking again. "Nah, I was just thinking."

Hiccup raised his brow in puzzlement. "What was that about?" He asked then shrugged his shoulders then followed Jack in silence.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Thank you for continuously reading this series! I appreciate it. :D<strong>

\*\*Hopefully, you guys weren't confused by the pacing at all. Phew~\*\*

\*\*Good day, everyone. Stay awesome! :)\*\*

End  
file.